In Which Midoriya Confuses A Lot of People, Starts A Manhunt, and Becomes A Hero

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僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia

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Character:
Midoriya Izuku, Shinsou Hitoshi, Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Shigaraki Tomura | Shimura Tenko, Dabi (My Hero Academia), Chisaki Kai | Overhaul, Eri (My Hero Academia), Various Unnamed Characters, Akaguro Chizome | Stain, Toga Himiko

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Quirkless Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku is a Ray of Sunshine, Except for when he's mad, Yagi Toshinori | All Might Bashing, Midoriya Izuku is a Good Friend, Protective Shinsou Hitoshi, Bakugou Katsuki Being an Asshole, No Redemption Arcs here folks, Midoriya Izuku is Kind of Unhinged, Hero Public Safety Commission Bashing (My Hero Academia), Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia Manga Spoilers, Crack, Sort Of, no beta we die

Language:
English

Collections:
Best of our resident gremlins✧, TikTok recs that are actually good, Best of BNHA, Rhynes MHA favs, DerangedDeceiver's Favorite Fics, Genius bnha fanfics, SakurAlpha's Fic Rec of Pure how did you

create this you amazing bean, I love them so much, good short fics to read when u can't sleep, Darkside_Dreamer's_Completed_Favorites, BNHAMultiChapters, fics i could re-read a hundred of times, Typsy's Dragon Hoard, Bnha fics that carved out a place in my brain, I Read This Instead of Sleeping, Fics I will sell my Soul for, BNHA Treasure Box, Storycatchers' pile of heroic hero stuff, Void's BNHA Favorites :D, Underrated BNHA fics (& other things) that deserve So Much MoreTM, BNHA BEST SHORT STORIES TO EVER GRACE THE INTERNET, MHA Fanfics That Are Better Than Sleep, Extraordinary My Hero Academia FanFics 💯, Quirkless Zuku Fics, amazing fanfics to read over and over again, Top bnha fics ✧, Got 99 problems but these ain't one, Quirkless, Pthaloteal, BNHA Rereadables 📖, My Hero Academia Stories, ☆ <100k Fav Fics Bnha ☆, Lady's collection of PERFECT fics., ☆ Little Red's BNHA Library ☆, The Precious Broccoli Boi Can Be Scary, hmm I guess I'll just cry about it (BNHA), Best of MHA ever!, ScribeSmith's BNHA Fanfic Library (AKA: Izuku is Best Boi), BAMF, Suggested Good Reads, Fics_I_dream_about_every_night, You haven't lived if you haven't read this, Supreme Bnha, Quality Fics, best bnha fics i've had the privilege of reading, ☆My Hero Stories Worth Your Time☆, T's Recommended Fics, Fics that give me *ideas*, Taste, soul healing comes from fanfiction, great reads, Bnha bests, super_fics, My hero academia, Road to Nowhere Discord Recs, bnha fics that were too good <3, S.T.I.L.L., ʕ•ᴥ•ʔ kat, Jwllz Favorite BNHA Fics (Completed Works), My Favorite My Hero Fics, Shady BNHA Faves (Including Crossovers), Real Good Shit, ✧Insomnia Reads✧, Best Completed Stories, A Picky Vest's Favorites, Complete fics I want to read (Nightowls), Favs mesmo, MHA fics that keep me from working like a functional adult, Late Night Reads For Wandering Souls, Completed stories I've read, gothelixar recs, Amazing Reads and Inspiration for BNHA, 😁 Funny Hilarious 😂, The "OMG I Can't Believe This" Collection, Myra_Approved_Version_of_Midoriya_Izuku, 10/10 Would Read Again, i may not be a bottom but these are my tops, great fics from all fandoms :), Flower Dragon's Recommendation, Fics I've read so you should too, MHA FICS, Kai's Eclectic Collection of Fics, Good soup, standing ovation: fics to keep re-reading <3, MHA Mixed Bag of Feels, My Hero Academia Fics To Cleanse Your Soul ♨, .˙ ˚.•*.↫My Bebu multiverse♡♡↬.*•.˚⋆., Worth It BNHA Fanfics - Completed, Best, Finished favourites, bnha one-shots/short-stories, thiccboimork's reading list, Deku Has A Brain, the bnha icebin, my skin is clear my crops are flourishing my grades are up and its because of these fics, Scarily powerful authors and their stories, Мои_любимые_работы☺, Like A Favorite Sweater, Works So Good

Id Physically Buy the Hard Cover Version in Stores, craftyreader_favs, 99NicelyFinishedFics, I simp., mort's bnha favorites!!, Dogium's Favorites, my hero academia: a medley, From the Vault, Flashfreeze Recs, The Goodest Shit™, FTTN's Favorites, Wolfis MyHeroAcademia Library, .☄Thoth's Luxury Library☄., любимое, bnha fics, Fics for D-Nasty, Finished Favs, Works Worth Rereading, my heart is here, hixpatch's all time favorites, 10/10 would re-read bnha, All the Best to my tastes, 4376(HERO), These fics made me scream, Great Fics i Want To Re Read, Todo lo que puedo llegar a OLVIDAR, ✧Chris's Best Izuku Fics✧, My Hero Academia fics that caused my insomnia (in a good way), Characters Explores Fandom, Characters Explores Social Media, Ajax 100k > words, A Labyrinth of Fics, Sansthepacifist's favorite fics, my tab dump, MHA crack and other □, Jaded Discord Server Recommendations, The Collossally Curious Collection of Carefully Curated Stories, Boku no Hero Academia Fanfics, FicsforKrusti, bnha dekuism, kat's fav bnha fanfics, Fics That Make Me Go Feral, Everything so far, Jupiter's MHA Library 🕮, thingsilike, Subscribed books I've finished, Ace's Favorite FIcs, Fics to read again and again 📚✨, Kit's Favourite Bnha/Mha Fics, The Midoriya Izuku Archive, Elvie's favourites, Boku no hero academia, puu, bumblebee's fav BNHA fics! :-D, Things to fuel my escapism., BnHA Golden Collection, Brilliant Bnha Fics, Amazing fics :D, Percy's favorite bnha fics 🍓, Creative Chaos Discord Recs, Mmm enjoyable, Best Stories, Izuku Midoriya (because I like him and he deserves more), Find Me Where The Wild Things Are, Izu is a chaos gremlin and/or maybe adopts everyone (TiaLee), MGA

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by legal_kidnapping

Summary

Midoriya needs a new outlet for his hero research and accidentally creates a viral YouTube channel.

Or: Midoriya makes some new friends, learns to fight, and gets into UA and amasses an army of fans that protect him.

Chapter 1

Izuku Midoriya never meant for this to happen.

———

It starts off simply enough.

He's walking home after a particularly severe encounter with Kacchan, his sleeves smoking. There will be bruises, but he's used to them. He has had worse before, and honestly, he's lucky to have gotten off with this little.

Besides, it's his fault. He knows Kacchan hates it when he mumbles, but there was a new transfer student with a particularly interesting Quirk—the ability to shape small amounts of light. Once he heard that, he lit up, completely ecstatic over the possibilities of her power.

He hadn't realized he was muttering until Kacchan started screaming at him, to the amusement of his classmates. His new classmate was bewildered, but once she heard 'Quirkless', a familiar look flashed through her eyes.

He hates that look.

Then, after class, Kacchan confronted him again, pushing him into a desk. It didn't hurt badly, but something in Izuku's chest twinged.

Why can't we just be friends again?

He knows why. The Quirkless are weak, cursed to wander an earth ruled by those with superpowers that can bend the rules of existence.

Sighing, he kicks a rock in frustration.

It's my fault, anyway.

It always is.

I need to stop mumbling.

His mother is going to start asking questions if he comes home with any more injuries. He manages to explain it away for the most part, but he notices the helpless look in her eyes whenever she thinks he isn't looking.

I'll try harder, for her sake.

Izuku's face settles into a determined expression.

———

Throwing his hands up in defeat, Izuku flops onto his bed.

The internet hadn't given him anything useful, so he's left with the stress weighing on his shoulders.

Of all of the things that annoyed Kacchan, the mumbling should be the easiest thing to fix. But it's just so *hard*.

He has so many thoughts, so many ideas whirling around in head, and no one to talk to. Sure, he writes them down in his notebooks, but that isn't always enough.

Maybe...it's time for a new outlet.

Izuku sits up, grabbing his phone from his nightstand as a new idea pops into his head.

———

Half-asleep, Izuku drudged through his classes, excited and nervous for his weekend.

He hasn't told his mom yet, deciding not to worry the poor woman. She already has enough on her plate with her newest promotion to head lawyer of her firm, and he's old enough to be smart about this.

Later, he purchases a cheap mask. It's white, painted with red swirls in mimicry of a pre-Quirk movie. He found it under a pile of forgotten clothes in a resale store, slightly scuffed and worn, but something about it called to him.

———

He sets up the camera with steady hands. The idea of recording himself didn't bother him as much as he thought it might, thankfully.

Though he doesn't think his new channel would garner any attention, it didn't hurt to be careful. The last thing he needed was his mom to freak out because someone figured out where they lived.

So he sets up a sheet covering his poster adorned walls, then drags his

chair right in front of the camera and makes sure his script is in reach.

He already memorized it, but Izuku knows he has a tendency to get off topic, so it's best to keep it on hand.

Settling into the chair, he adjusts his mask and Thirteen hoodie.

It's on point with his topic today, since he decided to start with the pro hero Thirteen. A safe, relatively well known disaster relief hero.

Izuku takes a deep breath, checking over the script one more time before clicking the remote control to record.

"Hey there! I'm Nobody, and today, I'll be discussing the pro hero Thirteen and their Quirk."

———

Rewatching himself talk was weird, Izuku concludes.

It's been a couple hours since he recorded, and he just finished editing it(thank god he found those tutorials and software recommendations). Now, all that's left is to post it to YouTube.

He created the secondary account the night he thought of his idea, and after much debate, he decided to leave his cheesy All Might pun username behind him.

It's silly, but he wanted to be serious about this one thing. This channel will be a place for him to dump all of his thoughts and ideas. It's for him and him only, his own personal place where he can talk about anything he wants without being yelled at for being creepy or weird.

With a smile, Izuku clicks upload.

———

A couple days after he posted his first video, he decides to do another. There's no harm in it. Plus, he's still somewhat upset after watching Kamui Woods attempt to fight a person with a fire based Quirk and lose. Though, it isn't the loss that bothers him.

It's how the press handled the interview afterwards.

The rude questions they directed at Kamui Woods made his blood boil, but there was nothing a Quirkless kid could do about it.

Unless…

———

"In conclusion, heroes and villains are human. No matter what type of Quirk you have, no matter how powerful it is, at the end of the day, there will be a time you lose. The public needs to stop putting these unrealistic standards onto heroes shoulders."

Izuku gives the camera a pointed look, despite knowing it probably won't pick it up.

"And as I've said before, the right match up is everything. If Kamui Woods had someone with a water based Quirk there, or even someone with a fire resistant Quirk, things would've gone much differently. That's all for now! I hope you enjoyed my rambling."

He waves to the camera, then clicks the stop button on his remote.

I think I got slightly off topic, but if I splice in videos of the other bad matchups that I mentioned, and it should be okay.

———

Izuku's video blew up. One hundred thousand views and counting, plus hundreds of comments. The positivity is overwhelming, and by the time he finished reading through the comments and replying, he went through two boxes of tissues.

Of course, his mom had been concerned, but he managed to sob that they were happy tears, and that he made a couple of really nice friends online.

She softened, then wrapped him in a big hug and teared up as she congratulated him, offering to make katsudon for the occasion.

He agreed, giving her a squeeze and smiling brightly at her through his tears.

Inko's heart warms as she went about making his favorite meal. She knows the dangers of the internet, and lectured her son on it from a young age, but if that's where he managed to meet good friends, then so be it.

As long as he's careful, she's more than happy to celebrate with him.

———

After the second video, Izuku decides to start a more regular uploading schedule. He has subscribers now, and he can't let them down.

So he got all of his homework done on Thursday(no teacher assigned homework on Fridays) and recorded his videos on Friday, when his mom was at work until late at night. Then he edited them, decided his title, typed out his sources into the description, and posted it.

The script was usually written throughout the week in a new notebook he had purchased.

Izuku has a lot of ideas, and he's going to get through every single one of them.

_____

A few months into his YouTube career, Izuku goes out to purchase groceries.

While he's heading back, he hears a fight in an alleyway beside him.

Cautiously, he peeks into the alleyway, only to see two suspicious looking men fighting. One seems to be using an emitter type Quirk that creates a shield, and the other is using two katanas, his form blurring as he moved.

Does he have a speed Quirk?

His question is answered a second later. The man with the katanas managed to leap over the shield and stabs the man's shoulder with a dagger. Yanking it out, the man with the katanas opened his mouth and licked along the blade.

Instantly, the other man collapses to the floor.

Izuku's jaw drops, his mind buzzing with questions as the man with katanas scoffs.

"You shouldn't have gotten in my way. I'll spare you for now, since I only kill fake heroes. But if you ever attempt to cross me again, I *will* strike you down. No one will impede my mission to cleanse this world."

The man below him groans, blood pooling from his shoulder as the man with the katanas leaps onto the rooftops and disappears.

"FUCK YOU STAIN!" The man howls, shaking as he attempts to get up.

After a couple minutes, it seems to wear off, and the man gets up, wincing at the pain in his shoulder and swaying past Izuku without noticing him.

Completely tense, Izuku watches the bleeding man disappear into the quickly setting sun, shaking from adrenaline. He stays there a long time, thinking about the fight.

When he finally goes home, he realizes something.

Heroes aren't the only ones who have interesting Quirks.

Besides, he should change up his content every once in a while, right?

———

Detective Naomasa Tsukauchi stares at his screen in blank faced shock.

The shadow of a person he's tracking for half a year, the mysterious serial killer that attacked and neutralized heroes with ease and for no apparent reason, the enigma of a man, has been completely debunked by a *child*.

He can't believe it. How could a child figure out so much information about him? Even the detective had only heard whispers of his name. And yet, it all made sense. It made *sense*, for god's sake!

Of course Stain can neutralize heroes so easily. The Quirk 'Nobody' described is perfect for incapacitating enemies quickly, and combined with the combat skills the YouTuber claims he has...

Detective Naomasa rubs his temples, feeling a headache starting. A lead is a lead, and if the video is correct, he may be able to prevent the murder of dozens of heroes.

This isn't going to be easy to explain to the higher ups...

Somewhere far away, Izuku sneezes, his pencil accidentally going through the script for his next video.

"Dang it!"

———

Stain closes the tab, completely still as he thinks.

He, himself, had attempted to be a YouTuber at one point. He was dismissed as crazy, as usual.

This kid...

Clearly knows what he's talking about. Stain doesn't know if he was being stalked at some point or if the kid had hacked a camera, but he's been found out.

The good news is that he's getting publicity, but the bad news is that fake heroes know what to look out for.

The kid; no, Nobody noted the places he preferred to attack, and commented on his fighting techniques. Not to mention analyzing his Quirk perfectly, even realizing the time limit based on blood type.

Another strange thing is the channel is mostly hero based.

Was this an attempt at more views...or does Nobody consider him heroic?

Questions burned in Stain's mind, but he can't do anything to answer them.

———

Izuku starts doing more videos on villains and heroes. He even looks back at fights from before he was born, covering the heroes and villains lives and the eventual ends of their careers. He starts a Discord server, allowing an open forum to discuss Quirks and prominent figures in history. He's asked a lot of questions about Quirk control and training, and he answers all of them to the best of his ability.

And the internet *loves* it.

There are hateful comments here and there, but it's to be expected. Izuku just ignores them, focusing on the positive comments and constructive feedback.

One of the conversations he had was about monetization.

Izuku never realized he could be paid for this kind of stuff, but a little extra money around the house never hurt.

———

The first check Izuku received nearly made him pass out. Thankfully, his mom wasn't home, otherwise he would've had to explain himself.

He decides to put it into his private bank account, hoping his mother won't check it and start asking questions.

———

"...Nobody is terrifying." President Mic says quietly, voicing the silent opinions of the gathered teachers.

Nezu simply stares at the screen, a small frown on his face.

The principal is more concerned than scared of the boy. 'Nobody' is clearly a child, and given just how good he was at analyzing Quirks, he's bound to be targeted at some point.

Though he has no idea how the child found so much information on him, the way he had approached Nezu's past is much appreciated.

Nobody hadn't been rude or disdainful of him, instead talking about his past torture vaguely and expressing clear anger at Nesu's mistreatment. He even went on to talk about how the media and even other heroes had clearly discriminated against him, and talked about how the principal dealt with it. The entire time, Nobody stressed just how amazing it was that Nezu was willing to work with humans at all, and that they should be grateful to have them on their side instead of obliterating the government and Hero Commission.

Overall, Nezu decides that Nobody is one of the most interesting humans he's observed in quite some time.

"I think I'd like to meet Nobody someday."

All of the UA teachers visibly paled at the statement and smile on Nezu's face.

———

"Um, ma'am, the original p-price was—"

"You think I care? You're lucky we're even allowing *your kind* in here." The woman behind the counter snarls, slamming her hand down on the plastic surface.

A couple people look over at them, and Izuku shrinks away from the attention.

He messed up. Again.

This isn't the first time he slipped up. From a young age, Izuku learned to keep his mouth shut about being Quirkless, but he needed to purchase something mildly alcoholic and the woman asked for his I.D.

His I.D in question is normal, except for the word printed under disability.

Quirkless.

It's like what happened at his last grocery store. They started raising the prices, claiming he read them wrong and eventually just banned him from the store entirely. The ones before that one just kicked him out and told him they didn't want his business.

This is the third grocery store in four years that have discovered he's Quirkless. There are other stores that he technically can't go to because of his Quirklessness, but he usually doesn't have to show his I.D anywhere, excluding the grocery store and the movie theater.

Not that I've been to one since I was eleven. My first experience with a movie theater will remain my only experience with a movie theater.

He shudders. Suddenly, a man in a dark blue hoodie steps in front of him, shielding him from the angry cashier.

"I'll pay for that, Miss. It was five dollars, right?"

Izuku stares at the man with wide eyes, confused. No one has ever stepped in before...

"Yes." The woman says stiffly, and in a matter of seconds, Izuku is swept out of the store and into a small alleyway beside the store.

The man in question is around 5'6, with wavy, bright orange hair and a pair of neon green headphones over his ears. He won't meet Izuku's eyes, and keeps looking around, then back at Izuku.

Is he worried someone will see him being nice to me?

"Here." He holds the item out to Izuku, looking away sheepishly.

Startled, Izuku jumps, but after a minute, takes it and sputters out several variations of 'thank you' and 'sorry' as fast as he can.

"No problem. Just...don't let people push you around like that, okay?"

He says, rubbing the back of his neck.

If only it were that easy.

Izuku leaves with a bitter smile and a heavy feeling in his chest.

———

Atashi Sato never expected to meet the famous YouTuber Nobody on his grocery run. Or that said YouTuber is just a middle schooler, and Quirkless at that.

The kid was just letting that woman yell at him, not even fighting back, and looked he was used to it.

Something in Sato's chest sank when the boy almost burst into tears while thanking him. Nobody is smart, and yet he still has to deal with prejudiced people like the cashier.

Sato himself isn't Quirkless, but his Quirk, Soundwaves, was considered useless most of his life.

If a weak Quirk garnered a childhood of cruel words, then how would someone Quirkless be treated?

Judging from how jumpy he was, he can't have it easy.

Then and there, Sato decides to help the kid. He's clearly bright, and he helps people, no matter the type of Quirk or past. He's already helped dozens of people gain control of their lives and Quirks, and he deserves to be treated with respect and care.

With a determined look on his face, Sato marched to his meeting, completely forgetting his original grocery run.

And for once in his life, Sato thanks the heavens he has a Quirk that can pick up and recognize familiar sounds.

———

In one of his more recent videos, Izuku rolled up his sleeves without realizing it, and even managed to miss the detail in his editing of the video.

I need to get more sleep.

The scars themselves are way too distinctive, a pattern of raised,

starburst-like burns. Izuku received them from Kacchan over the years, and they were made worse because Izuku had taken care of them himself(hospitals don't accept Quirkless people, and underground hospitals cost too much and offer dubious solutions at best).

Even his mother hasn't seen them, because he constantly wears long sleeves to hide them.

His subscribers freaked out, and questions flew at him from his Discord server and comment section.

Izuku was as vague as possible, and for once, is thankful for his mediocre camera quality. He's been meaning to buy a new one though, so he'll have to be more careful in the future.

———

SleepyCatLover56: *@Nobody, can someone with a villainous Quirk become a hero?*

Izuku blinks away the sleep from his eyes, reading the comment again.

Maybe I should make a different video from normal this week.

———

"No Quirk is villainous."

Izuku starts, crossing his arms and leaning back in his chair.

"Quirks are Quirks. They are not a defining trait, they are a tool. Think of them as a gun. If someone has a gun, they choose whether or not to fire it on an innocent person."

Izuku takes a deep breath, preparing for the next part of his script.

"I know firsthand that Quirk discrimination is a very real, very terrible thing. The issue here isn't your Quirk, rather others perceptions of your Quirk. It's an uphill battle, fighting people that believe your Quirk makes you inherently evil or weak."

He sighs, feeling stress weighing down on his shoulders.

"Unfortunately, that is what society is taught. I can't do anything to change that, but you can. To anyone with a 'weak' or 'villainous' Quirk —" Izuku uses air quotes.

"—keep fighting. Prove them wrong. Don't let other people's words and assumptions dictate your life. If you don't like your Quirk, try to remember: your Quirk is a versatile tool. It's an adaptation of genetics and evolution to keep you alive, not something used to determine your worth."

"And to SleepyCatLover56, the person who inspired this video, remember; you are the one who has the tool. Use it as you wish, and don't let it define you. You are your own person."

With that, Izuku gives the camera a smile and a wave.

"Thank you for watching!"

———

To say the video was controversial was an understatement.

It has millions of views, and the comment section is a war zone of people voicing their opinions on Quirks and Quirk discrimination. Nobody's video is shared across several online platforms, and it even reached a couple other countries.

Izuku burst into tears while reading the supportive and encouraging comments, and fought viscously against the hateful comments, letting his passionate hatred of Quirk discrimination be known to the entire internet. Of course, he didn't always win, or change people's minds, but he at least gave them something to think about(he hopes).

People started doing reaction videos to his video, and for the most part, it was positive. A reporter even brought him up once in an interview with Ingenium and the hero had publicly supported him!

Izuku almost died of happiness then and there.

———

"Nobody is dangerous and invasive! Not to mention his most recent video—"

"Please calm down." Sir Nighteye sighs, rubbing his temples.

"Personally, I don't see any issue with Nobody. He's just a kid with an analysis Quirk and an opinion. Besides, he's not screaming in the streets, so I don't know why you're all riled up." Fatgum shrugs, taking a bite of pickle.

Several heads whip to him, all with various degrees of disbelief in their expressions.

"He literally posts heroes weaknesses online." RockLock spits out, giving Fatgum an 'are you an idiot' look.

Fatgum finishes off his pickle with a smack of his lips.

"True, but he's also telling us how to improve our Quirks and become better heroes. Isn't that what we all want?"

The room quiets. Sir Nighteye sighs again, staring at the table below him like it offended him.

"But does he have to do it on a public platform? It's like giving villains all of our information." Ryukyu, the Dragon hero says.

"Anyone could figure out our weaknesses if they watched enough of our fights. At the very least, he's offering us advice to improve..." Sir Nigteye says with a grimace.

It becomes quiet again, and Sir Nighteye tries to push down the gnawing feeling of unease in his gut.

'Nobody' is a minor, and he's not breaking any laws. All the heroes can do is pray that he doesn't turn to villainy.

Otherwise...things will end very, very badly.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> Izuku helps some people and starts (accidentally) assembling a cult.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sato watches the head of green curls bob as Nobody vibrates with excitement.

They're currently at the scene of a hero fight that's winding down, and Sato is trying to figure out how to approach the student.

He doesn't want to be creepy, but...well, one of his buddies needs help.

For the sake of the kid's privacy, he hadn't given his friends a physical description, but he had mentioned meeting him and his Quirklessness.

The realization had sunk into the group like a stone. Most were at the very least following his channel, and some had even gotten better control of their Quirks because of him.

Every single of them had faced some form of discrimination due to their Quirk, so imagining the kind of treatment a Quirkless kid faced...it didn't sit well with them.

Not to mention that one video where he had rolled up his sleeves. No kid should have scars like that.

Shaking his head, Sato sighs and approaches the kid, tapping his shoulder lightly.

Izuku jumps a mile into the air, whirling around with his hands raised defensively. When he realizes it's the man from a couple weeks ago, he relaxes, a small, confused frown on his freckled face.

"It's you! But what are you doing here?"

Izuku starts to edge away defensively, and the orange haired man winces.

"Uhm, I kind of need a favor."

Izuku becomes even more wary, looking around for an escape route as subtly as possible.

"Before you run, I'm Atashi Sato. My username is BleedingHearts02. You helped me with my Quirk a little while back."

Izuku looks like an owl, green eyes wide with surprise when he realizes the man recognizes him and how.

When he first created his server, BleedingHearts02 had been one of the first people to reach out to him for help. His Quirk was categorizing and memorizing any and all sounds he heard. He was attempting to get his high school degree, but his brain was so full of sounds and their information that he couldn't absorb any of the material.

Izuku created a study method for him, using unique sounds as triggers for certain facts and information, also suggesting buying a pair of muffling headphones.

"You're the one with the sound recognition Quirk! How are your classes going? Did you get that job you sent in a resume for?" Izuku leans in, less wary now that the man introduced himself.

Sato smiles as the kid talks, happy he's not so on edge anymore.

"Well, my classes are going great! Using unique noises to help me study was the perfect idea, and everyone is starting to think I'm cheating because I'm doing so well." He chuckles, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly.

Izuku opens his mouth to ask another question, then stops, tensing and taking a step back.

"Are you going to out me?"

Sato's eyes widen, and his hands fly up in placating motions.

"No! Like I said, I'm here for a favor. One of my friends has a difficult Quirk, and he's currently suffering mentally because of it. I was wondering if you'd be able to help him? He's all alone, and he doesn't really have any family to turn to for advice..."

Izuku's eyes widen, and a pang goes through his heart.

"...I'll help. You said it was mental, right? Get your friend and bring him to the park over there in an hour."

Sato nods, a wave of relief going through him at the green haired boy's agreement.

"You've got it."

———

Nervously, Izuku grips his notebook. He dropped off his backpack at home and threw on a plain black hoodie, not wanting to draw any more attention to himself.

He decided against wearing his mask, deciding it's too eye catching. Face coverings are common in this day and age, but his mask is a relic from the pre-Quirk era, and very recognizable. Self defense classes did *not* teach him how to deal with angry people from the internet.

Out of the corner of his eye, he notices four people approaching him. Three of them herd one man with a brown paper bag on his head, and as they get closer, Izuku hears the middle one raving to himself.

What have I gotten myself into?

Internally steeling himself, Izuku stands up, setting his notebook on the park bench and walks towards them.

Their heads whip to him, and Sato sighs in relief.

"Thank god. He's not doing great now, so I'll explain his Quirk."

Izuku nods, and the other two men's jaws drop as they realize that Sato wasn't joking. They knew about Sato's Quirk, and they recognized that voice.

It really is Nobody!

"This is Jin Bubaigawara. His Quirk is called 'Double'. He can create copies of anyone, including himself, if he has accurate measurements of them. A while back, he created a bunch of doubles of himself to do his work, and they all got into an argument and..."

Sato makes a throat slitting motion, and Izuku blanches.

"He hid and watched them do it, so now he's...well, he's wondering if he's the real one or not. His head is 'split', and the paper bag is the

only thing keeping him calm."

They call this calm?!

Izuku internally freaks out, but he knows someone needs his help, so he schools his features to be neutral.

"Okay, thank you Sato." Izuku cautiously walks towards the raving man.

As he gets closer, he realizes that Bubaigawara is actually having a conversation with himself, one side hysterical and the other calm.

Izuku has read a lot about mental health, and how experiencing traumatic events can worsen someone's mental health in the long term. The more he researched into mental and emotional health, the more Izuku appreciated how many heroes there were, despite the types of attacks and injuries they receive regularly.

Carefully, Izuku kneels beside the man, giving him a warm smile.

"I heard you've been through a lot, sir."

Izuku waits, silently calculating how to fix this. It's a Quirk related problem, sure, but having never witnessed death himself, he isn't quite sure how to deal with the man in front of him. He'll need to be flexible about this, and proceed carefully with any suggestions for the man's health.

Clearly, he has some form of multiple personality disorder, but whether it's newly developed or already there and worsened by traumatic experience, Izuku can only guess.

"Yeah, we're not doing too hot..."

"*No, we're fine! We don't need some random kid's help, so shove off*!"

Even his voice changes.

Izuku notes, but keeps his smile, wrapping his arms around his knees to keep his balance.

"I understand it must be hard to trust some random kid, but I'm going to need you to answer two questions for me, okay? Then I'll leave you alone, unless you'd prefer my help. Do you agree, Bubaigawara?" Izuku asks politely.

Bubaigawara's eyes widen when Izuku uses his name, and cowers away like a frightened animal.

"How do you know our name?"

"*He's one of them! He wants to kill us, he's only in disguise so he can attack us*!"

Izuku's eyebrows raise.

Them?

Does he mean the doubles created by his Quirk?

Bubaigawara is clearly spooked, and Izuku doesn't want to aggravate him more.

"No, sir, I am not one of them. I learned your name from Sato. He's right behind me. Can you see him?"

Izuku watches Bubaigawara's eyes focus through the holes in the paper bag, head turning to the orange haired man behind Izuku.

"Yes."

"*Of course, dumbass*!"

Izuku takes a deep breath, reminding himself to be as patient and slow as possible.

"Then will you answer my questions?"

Bubaigawara hesitates, a wave of calm washing over him as he watches the smiling boy in front of him. He's not a threat. Both sides agree on that, but answering his questions...

"...Only two, right?"

"*He already said only two, idiot*!"

Izuku nods, waiting for Bubaigawara's response.

"Okay."

"*Whatever*."

The green haired boy relaxes, settling into a more comfortable

position, but still poised to get out of the way if the man lashes out.

"Has there always been two of you in there, Bubaigawara?" Izuku asks, slowly moving his hand up to tap his head.

Bubaigawara thinks for a moment, then nods, sides clearly in agreement.

"It's always been us two. It just got worse after..." Bubaigawara shivers, grabbing the bag to make sure it's secure.

"*Shut up! You're so annoying*!"

Izuku watches this all, his eyes gleaming.

So his unstable mental state was tipped over the edge after his Quirk use got out of hand.

"Okay sir, I'm going to ask you one more question. Are you ready?"

If the doubles could kill each other, he must've seen some form of carnage. To help him, Izuku needs a way to prove that this man is the real Bubaigawara Jin and not a double, otherwise he might lash out and harm others in an attempt to protect himself.

"Yes."

"*Get on with it*!"

Izuku's mind spun, thinking of the best possible way to phrase this.

"How do you know a double is a double, Bubaigawara?" Izuku keeps on saying his name to ground him, and make sure he doesn't start disassociating.

Izuku himself would disassociate sometimes, so he knows what could get a person in and out of their brain's(sometimes unhelpful) defensive mechanism.

Bubaigawara stiffens, his arms tightening as he stares at Izuku with haunted eyes.

"Doubles can only take a certain amount of damage. If they break an arm, or get stabbed, or fall from too high, they just...dissolve into grey mush..."

"*Why'd you tell him that?! Now—*"

Izuku tunes him out, analyzing the information he's been given.

This man was already unstable, and witnessing himself die over and over again couldn't have been pleasant. So is figuring out if he's the real Bubaigawara beneficial?

Sending him to a mental hospital for rehabilitation might be a better option, but Bubaigawara probably wouldn't even let someone touch him for fear of dying.

Izuku sighs, somewhat exasperated.

I'm only a kid, damnit!

As much as he wants to help the man, the only way to do it is to traumatize him all over again.

Do I the stomach for that?

Bubaigawara's argument with himself became more intense, and Izuku makes his decision.

Lighting fast, he grabs Bubaigawara's hand and breaks his finger.

Izuku knows how to do it(he had been imagining doing it to Kacchan for years), but nothing could prepare him for the scream of pure fear that came from the man's throat.

Someone's going to call the pros...

Still, Izuku keeps a firm hold on his hand, lightly squeezing to get Bubaigawara's attention.

"Bubaigawara, you said a broken bone would kill a double, correct?"

Izuku hides his guilt for making the man panic, he has more important things to do right now.

Bubaigawara stills, eyes widening as pain echoes through his hand.

This kid actually broke my finger.

And I'm still alive...

That means...

Tears stream from his face as he stares down at his hand, completely

in awe as he watches the finger swell in tiny hands.

"I'm alive..."

"*FUCK YEAH*!"

Izuku winces at the curse, then gently lets go of the man's hand and turns away, giving Jin space. He looks to Sato and the other people, nauseated by his own actions.

"Okay, his Quirk clearly makes him somewhat unstable on a good day, and watching yourself get killed is probably horrible. I suggest getting him to a Quirk therapist and a regular therapist. He should also go to the hospital—for his finger." Izuku cringes, remembering how easy it had been to break it.

The group nods mutely, shocked by what they'd just witnessed. No one had been able to convince Jin to calm down since they found him in his walk in closet beside a sizable puddle of goo, and then this kid came along and *broke his finger* to convince him he wasn't a product of his own Quirk.

Sato's admiration for Nobody sky rocketed, and he bowed low.

"Thank you, Nobody. We'll do as you say, and keep a close eye on him in the meantime."

The other people hurriedly bowed and chorused their thanks, in awe of the green haired kid in front of them.

Nobody is the real deal!

———

After that, Izuku threw up behind some trees. It was a long time before he left that park, a deep sense of guilt roiling in his empty stomach. He didn't eat that night, but went to sleep with a resolution.

No one should ever become so unstable because of their Quirk .

On his Discord and description on his channel page, he puts links to cheap Quirk therapists and support groups for volatile Quirks, stressing just how important it was that you shouldn't just suffer in silence and to come to grips with your Quirk, not just shove it aside or suppress it.

"No matter how powerful or old you are, your first priority should be

your own mental and emotional health. Don't shove your thoughts and feelings aside, otherwise they could end up coming out in unpleasant ways."

Izuku takes a deep breath and reverts back to his smile, giving the camera a cheery wave.

"Thank you for watching!"

———

Izuku noticed them. He doesn't comment or react, but he notices the people he saw with Sato, and sometimes Sato himself following him around.

He has no idea why, and honestly, he doesn't mind. Izuku knows he's a trouble magnet in every sense of the word. It isn't a coincidence that he finds hero and villain fights so quickly. So it doesn't hurt to have backup. The people are respectful too, and don't invade his privacy, usually leaving once they spot his apartment complex.

Today, though, Izuku is deep in thought. So deep in thought that he misses the blonde girl running into him. They both hit the to the pavement hard, and the air is knocked out of Izuku's lungs.

She's around his age, and sports two messy buns on the top of her head. She's sobbing, and the front of her bright school uniform is covered in blood.

"Are you alright, Miss?" He asks, giving her a worried look.

She continues sobbing, saying 'I'm sorry' and 'I couldn't control it' over and over. She's so light, Izuku easily pushes himself up, careful not to jostle her.

"Miss, it's okay. Why don't you breathe with me?" He takes her hand, ignoring the blood that coats his hands and the glint of a knife hidden in her skirt.

"Ready?" Izuku presses her hand to his chest, giving her a sunny smile.

She blinks, clearly surprised, then starts breathing with him until her tears slow.

Izuku continues holding her hand and smiling, but he keeps an eye on the bloodstain. It isn't spreading, so she should be okay physically.

Now, he needs to figure out what to do with her.

"Would you like to come with me, Miss?"

Judging from her hysterical sobbing and the blood, she had seen something. Something bad.

So Izuku takes her hand and leads her to a park, sitting her down on a bench and grabbing an ice cream cone for them both. She eats it, but looked somewhat nauseated by the taste.

In the corner of his eye, Izuku notices a head of bright orange hair from a bush, but doesn't comment, just shooting a warning look in the general direction of the man.

"Miss, what's your Quirk?"

She stiffens at the question, and her eyes well up with fresh tears as she stares at the ground in shame.

"It's a transformation Quirk." She mumbles, clearly upset.

Izuku's brain whirls, starting to notice the small details about the girl. Her pointy teeth. Her blood caked hands and uniform. How skinny she is.

He grimaces, not liking the several choice situations he comes up with.

"He was just so nice. And now...he's never...he called me a—"

And with that, she bursts into tears again.

———

She's on the news. Himiko Toga. Disappeared from her hometown after the hospitalization of another student. No one knows if they're connected, but the amount of blood on her clothes...

Izuku sighs, turning off his phone and staring up at the setting sun as the girl rests her head against his shoulder.

If it was half a year ago, he might've freaked out. There's a girl leaning on his shoulder! But now, all he could think about is what to do.

"Himiko?" He asks, deciding not to use her last name.

"Yes?" She perks up slightly.

"I think I know what your Quirk is. Your parents didn't like it, did they?" Izuku asks, wincing at how blunt he sounded.

"...No. They told me it was a villain Quirk and I shouldn't...but I want it so much. I'm so hungry..." Toga shuddered, remembering how good it felt to finally act, to drink, to be full—

No! It's—

"It's okay. You need it to survive, and no one can blame you for acting on hunger."

Izuku's words pierce through her haze of guilt, and she swings her head to him in shock.

"...What?"

"Quirks work like that, sometimes. It isn't your fault."

He gives her a smile, then stands up and offers her his hand.

"Let's go, Himiko. I'll explain everything to them, okay?"

Toga stiffens, flinching back from his hand and staring up at him in disbelief.

"Y-You're turning me in?!" She shrieks, eyes watery.

Izuku's expression softens, and he kneels in front of her, a soft, kind smile on his face.

"Himiko, have you ever been to a Quirk specialist?"

No. Her parents didn't want anyone to know what they had created. What kind of monster they raised. Nervously, Toga shakes her head, hands fiddling with her skirt.

"Himiko, my mom is a lawyer. She'll represent you, okay? You did nothing wrong. You were hungry. It's not your fault, it's your parents fault." He says, trying his best to convince her to come with him. Her running now would only allow the police to demonize her because of her Quirk.

"B-But—"

"If you keep running, people won't ever know the truth. Don't you want your friends to know you're okay?" Izuku pushes.

Himiko flinches.

No, they wouldn't care. All they saw was her mask, not her real self. Her real self...this boy sees it. He's not afraid.

He understands.

Hesitantly, she takes his hand.

He won't let anything bad happen to me.

———

"Hello, I'm looking for a Detective Naomasa Tsukauchi." Izuku says firmly, ignoring the strange looks he's getting from the policemen around him.

The receptionist peers at him skeptically.

"I'm afraid he's busy. Do you require assistance?"

"Yes, from the detective. Please call him up here." Izuku insists, a fiery determination in his green eyes.

She purses her lips, but picks up the phone and calls the detective to the front of the station.

———

Detective Naomasa is not happy. He was pulled away from his stack of paperwork for two bloody kids? Shouldn't they have been sent to the hospital? Truly, the police had fallen far since the heroes took the spotlight several decades ago.

The boy, a middle schooler with a head full of unruly green curls, holds the girl's hand tightly, a look of pure determination on his face.

"You're Detective Naomasa Tsukauchi."

The detective nodded, warily eyeing the kid in question.

Who's blood is that, anyway?

"Good. This is Himiko Toga, and she needs your help."

Truth.

The suspect of the murder case from a couple districts over?!

Detective Naomasa tenses, hand going for his taser.

The boy stepped in front of the girl, and gives him a reproachful glare equal to his mother's when he attempted to lie about eating her cookies without permission.

"Her Quirk is a blood based transformation Quirk, and she's been severely starved her entire life. She relies upon blood consumption to be healthy."

Truth.

Detective Naomasa relaxes, but gives Izuku a look. The boy isn't lying, but something is wrong.

Why would he bring a murder suspect here and explain her...ohhhh shit.

The higher ups are not going to like this.

_____

And so, after calling his mom and explaining what was going on, Himiko Toga fell asleep on his lap.

He wasn't mortified. At first.

Then came the police officers, giving them 'awww' looks that made Izuku flush all the way to his neck.

Thankfully, his mom arrived before he died of embarrassment.

She took one look at the skinny, blood covered girl, and her heart sank.

Inko had seen cases like this. Where the Quirk was rejected and the family attempted to train it out of the child. They were horrible, but quite honestly, Inko loved working them. She loved freeing them from the shackles of those horrible places.

So, when Inko saw Himiko Toga laying on her son's lap, she knew what she had to do.

_____

Izuku sighs, leaning back on a bench as he rubs his dry eyes.

He stayed up late researching for his next video, and is now paying the price with bleary eyes and a headache.

His mom has been staying out later and later, working hard on Himiko's case. Izuku doesn't mind. He knows just what's at stake for Himiko here. All because her parents considered her Quirk villainous.

How stupid.

Izuku thinks bitterly, snapping his notebook shut with irritation.

"Sir?"

Izuku jumps a mile in the air, realizing a buff, tattooed man is standing in front of him, shuffling from foot to foot, looking nervous.

Why is he nervous?

Suddenly, the man holds out a marker, fingers ending in weird, hinged tubes, his expression sheepish.

"Could I have your autograph?"

"...I'm sorry, what?" Izuku asks, gloriously confused.

"You're Nobody, right? Please? I'm a really big fan, and you've helped a lot of people..." The man trails off, shifting again.

Izuku bluescreens.

How did this guy recognize him? Was it...

Izuku's head whips to the men on the benches a couple feet away.

They jump, looking slightly ashamed.

I should've worn my mask.

"Sure. You have space on your arm?" Izuku's wariness is soon replaced with nerves.

This is the first time he's met a fan that wants his autograph, and suddenly, his hands are getting shaky.

The man's face lights up when Izuku accepts the marker, and he flips

his tattooed arm over, baring an open space on his forearm.

Shakily, Izuku signs, trying his best to make the kanji look nice.

Once he's done, he gave the man a hesitant smile and hands the marker back to him.

"Thank you for letting me sign your arm! I've n-never done it before, I hope you like it." Izuku blurts out awkwardly, his cheeks heating up in embarrassment.

The man stares at the literal ray of sunshine, almost blinded by his smile and kind words. *This* is the genius kid that debunks heroes and villains alike?!

He's fucking adorable!

Then and there, the villain decides to join the 'protect Nobody' club.

———

Over the course of a month, several people have approached Izuku and asked him to sign various parts of their body.

Izuku gets flustered every time, redirecting the conversation from his fame and smiling nervously. Each time, the 'protect Nobody' club becomes bigger.

There are thirty of them now, all worn down by life, but all determined to protect the sunny, Quirkless boy.

And Izuku? He's blissfully unaware of his fan club, working on an idea for his 200k special. His subscribers are multiplying so fast he can barely keep up, and he's starting to feel slightly overwhelmed.

One night, right before he drifts to sleep, Izuku reads an interesting comment.

ColdSoba: *@Nobody Could you please do a video about Endeavor?*

As he lays in bed, Izuku realizes that for all his videos, he's never talked about any of the top ten heroes. Not to say that they aren't perfect, it's just that Izuku had a feeling he'd end up rambling about how awesome they were and forget to actually make criticisms.

Endeavor is a good place to start.

———

"What the hell..." Izuku mumbles under his breath, earning a sharp look from his mother.

They're currently both on the couch. His mom is working on a case, and Izuku is reading Endeavor's mandatory hero reports released by the government.

25-69 civilian casualties annually. Izuku took the highest and lowest numbers from the past five years. And that's assuming the government isn't fudging it.

Izuku's mother taught him from a very young age that the government isn't always the best source of information, and it's often gripped by its own greed or selfishness.

I haven't even gotten to the other casualties yet...

———

"His death rate is 15% higher than the entire top ten combined! And sidekick casualties make up most of the deaths! Don't get me started on the injuries." Izuku snarls, tugging at his long sleeves agitatedly.

"Someone with a fire Quirk is bound to be destructive, but having been in the business for over a decade, you'd think the man would have some sort of fine control over his flames. He's set 461 public buildings on fire, completely obliterated 89 private residences, and cost the government a fortune in repairs for every single fight he's taken part in just this past year! Sure, he has one of the highest capture rates, but at what cost? At this point, his treatment of other human beings borders on criminal. He doesn't even care about their deaths or injuries."

He takes a deep breath.

Stay calm, otherwise you'll have to record again.

Izuku reminds himself, nearly groaning at the thought of retaking this video again. This was, unfortunately, his third time going through Endeavor's statistics this afternoon, and they still make him sick with anger.

"It makes me wonder what his end goal is. Every year of his 'heroism' he's strengthened his flames, even making special moves to finish off

villains. What exactly is he chasing, that he would throw away innocent lives and use his title of hero to justify his lack of respect for other people? How far will he go for this goal?"

He sighs heavily, reminding himself that he's almost done and that there's ice cream in the freezer.

"And it makes me wonder if his treatment of his family is similar. Several years ago, his wife, Rei Todoroki, was sent to a mental institution after allegedly harming her youngest son, Shoto Todoroki. What could've driven her to that action? Not to mention, the oldest son, Touya Todoroki, died a mysterious, self-destructive death. It was well after his Quirk developed, and Endeavor himself admitted to training the boy. So how would the child literally burn himself in his flames? Unless Endeavor was teaching him the same moves he's been using for years. The moves he's used to hospitalize hundreds of villains."

Izuku takes another deep breath, then continues.

"Of course, the part about his family is based on theory only. I won't make any assumptions. All I'm asking is that the public look a little closer at Endeavor. Does he really deserve the title of hero after his clear, blatant disregard for human life?"

He takes a moment to compose himself, then straightens in his chair.

"Thank you for watching!" Izuku waves his hand cheerily before clicking the button to stop recording.

———

Stain stares at his screen, completely shocked, once again, by Nobody.

He's been eyeing Endeavor for years now, completely disgusted by the man's failings as a hero. So when Nobody released a video about the asshole himself, and Stain knew he had to watch it.

(He watched all of Nobody's videos, anyway.)

And the picture Nobody had painted was crystal clear, backed up by government files, and best of all, witness reports.

Endeavor is not a hero. He should've had his license revoked a long time ago, and yet, the government provided that information to the public, like it isn't a big deal that one of the top ten heroes is a fucking

murderer.

(Not that Stain himself was any better, but heroes had to be held to some sort of standard.)

The comments, surprisingly, aren't a mess. Endeavor is generally disliked, and most people, although shocked, are accepting and open to receiving the information, even defending Nobody's claims about Endeavor's treatment of his family with several links that led to interviews with Endeavor and two of his sons.

The older ones are of Touya, and the more recent ones are of Shouto. Neither looked thrilled to be there, and both side eyed Endeavor warily when the interviewer wasn't focused on them.

Stain sighs, closing his computer and grabbing his cleaning kit.

The more I think about Nobody, the more I want to meet him.

———

Alone in his traditional room, the red and white haired boy stares at his phone, his normally blank expression frozen in shock.

When he requested Nobody to talk about his father, he hadn't expected...this.

No one ever went farther than mentioning Endeavor's brutality towards villains, occasionally expressing discontent, but otherwise silent.

They never talked about sidekick casualties. They certainly never talked about civilian casualties.

15% higher mortality rates than the entire top ten combined.

The words clamor for attention in Shouto's mind, echoing and sparking a certain bitterness in him.

He knew his father was brutal, but this? This is unacceptable.

What drove her to that action?

Shouto laughs, a humorless, empty noise.

Oh, Nobody. You haven't made assumptions, you're so close to the truth, all you need is a final nudge, and you could save my entire family from

that bastard.

Somewhere in the distance, Izuku Midoriya sneezed, nearly spraying toothpaste on his bathroom mirror.

———

Endeavor watches the video again. And again.

Nobody's young voice grates on his ears, but he can't stop watching, fiery rage building up in his chest.

Finally, he can't take it anymore, and roars out curses that make the windows of his spacious office shudder violently. His sidekicks shudder too, knowing they'd be taking the brunt of it, along with any villains they meet next patrol.

Once again, far in the distance, Izuku Midoriya sneezes as he's reading the comments under his latest video.

———

And in the corner of an Internet cafe, a man covered in soot and burns smiles for the first time in years.

Mouthing the name of the video, he watches at the figure on the screen.

"Good job, brat."

When Izuku sneezed the third time that evening, effectively dropping his phone on his face, he grumbles with annoyance.

"I must be coming down with something..."

Chapter End Notes

Izuku: *smiles*

Criminals: Agh, my weakness!

Also, the guy who asks for an autograph is one of the guys in the main plaza from the USJ attack in the anime(with a few minor modifications).

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

> Izuku helps some more people and All Might crushes his dreams under his heel. Violently.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kacchan isn't happy. Izuku doesn't know what he did wrong, but Kacchan is in a bad mood, and Izuku trying to talk his way out of this clearly isn't helping. So he shuts his mouth and let the cruel words wash over him, enduring the loud explosions and the burning sensation in his arms.

Finally, Kacchan leaves, and Izuku is alone on the floor, sleeves destroyed, along with part of his hair.

Just endure it.

I'll only be in school with him for a couple months, then...then...

Then what?

Izuku still wants to be a hero. But after realizing just what heroes have to do, he isn't sure he deserves to even consider the position.

Something wells up in his chest, dark and ugly, but Izuku knows better than to cling to it. Getting angry only escalates the situation. Better to be scared than in the hospital.

Sighing, he stands up, arms shaking slightly in pain as he swings his backpack over his shoulder and trudges off of school grounds.

"Holy shit! Su-Nobody, are you okay? Your arms are..."

"I'm fine. Kacchan was in a bad mood, but this isn't the worst he's done."

The two people on guard grit their teeth together in anger, silently swearing vengeance on 'Kacchan'.

After Izuku's explanation, one notices his curly hair smoking and burned.

"S-Nobody, your hair..."

Absentmindedly, Izuku pats his smoking curls. Oh, well. He needed a haircut anyway.

"Do you guys know any barbers?" Izuku asks, a mischievous smile replacing his distant stare.

———

Now that Izuku thought about it, this wasn't a bad idea. His curls were tough to manage, and with one side of his hair almost completely burned off, he should've expected this.

Still, he was surprised when he saw how different he looked with short sides. The barber left his hair long on top, thankfully, but now he could actually see his cheekbones...Izuku looks older.

The two people that came here with him stared, wondering where the ray of sunshine had disappeared to. But before they could turn on the barber, the green haired smiles brightly, and the people relax.

He's still the ray of sunshine.

No haircut is going to change that. Both sighed, then gave Izuku relieved half smiles.

Next is the hard part.

"Hey, kid. Can you fight?"

———

And that was how Izuku Midoriya ended up here.

Standing in a dirty back alley, surrounded by an assortment of people that approached him for autographs, and even some that he hadn't seen before.

That man's scars look bad...

"Do you guys know how to...uhm, fight? I'd like to learn. I-I know this might be a lot to ask, since you've been watching my back for months now, b-but—"

"It's no problem!" A woman grinned, amused by his awkwardness.

Izuku lit up, a huge, sunny grin stretching across his face at her agreement.

"Wow! Thank you so much! I promise to compensate you, I won't let you just help me for free! Why don't you tell me about your Quirk and how you handle your fights? I don't have a physical Quirk, so if you know hand to hand, that would be awesome! Also, if you knew how to handle a weapon of some sort, maybe you could show me too—?"

He started to rant, completely zoning out until he heard a raspy chuckle.

"He sure can talk."

Izuku's shoulders stiffen, and he stops, looking for the source of the voice.

The man with the scars.

He reminds Izuku of Kacchan. The confidence. The slow drawl of his words, like he has all the time in the world. The smirk.

God, the smirk.

The dark thing clawed its way up his chest, and unbeknownst to Izuku, the temperature drops a few degrees as he stares at the villain.

Finally, he bows neatly, and the temperature returns to normal.

"I apologize if I bothered you. It's a bad habit of mine I can't seem to break just yet. Please be patient with me until then."

The words are practiced and clearly familiar to the boy, which makes the ragtag group's stomach's collectively sink.

Even Dabi's smirk falls, and he gets up off of the wall.

"It's not a complaint, kid. Just an observation. Also; don't bow. It's weird."

Izuku just nods, then turns back to the group with a much more subdued smile on his face.

"Alright, everyone who is willing to teach me something I can use to defend myself, please step forward. In return for helping me, I'll help you improve your Quirk and think of more versatile uses for it. Please don't use this to harm others unless absolutely necessary." He instructs

clearly, and Dabi notices a certain heaviness to his shoulders.

———

Months pass. Scrapes and bruises blossom on Izuku's body as he learns from his protectors.

Not just how to fight. Self defense classes were somewhat helpful, after all.

No, Izuku learned how to scale walls and leap from rooftops. He learned how to use everything as a weapon, from a broken bottle to a piece of wood. He learned how to scare people.

And in exchange, he helped them learn how to use their Quirks more efficiently. Sure, Quirk use is technically illegal, but the kids at school used their Quirks all the time, and no policemen came to arrest them, so Izuku didn't really see the issue.

Dabi's Quirk training was the hardest. He had been trained—Izuku had a strong suspicion about who trained him—to use all of his fire at once, despite his non-fire proof body.

Plus, he reminded Izuku of Kacchan. It's not like he hated his former friend, but...no person should be allowed to leave scars on another person's body without serious consequences.

Izuku took the brunt of the damage for the other students, though, so he really only had himself to blame.

So, the months flew by; Izuku learned how to not die while attempting to keep a regular uploading schedule and maintain his grades.

It's not that the work wasn't easy, it was that he was expected to physically pay attention in class. But with his plate full, Izuku could barely stay awake in class, much less pay attention.

———

"Sato!"

A clear, happy voice echoed through the alleyway.

Stain knows that voice. He listens to it every Saturday, sometimes even more often when he got bored.

"Nobody!"

"Sunshine!"

"Hey kiddo."

"Back for a beating again?"

Several voices chorused. The boy just grinned, throwing his backpack to the side and pulling off his hoodie.

It was pure coincidence that he found this dirty, run down alley and its inhabitants, but he doesn't regret it.

Stain watches with mild fascination as they 'trained', surprised to see that the boy was actually pretty fast. He tended to overthink things, but once he thought he was in danger, he reacted quickly.

I should...

Nobody did him a favor, after all, even explaining that he wanted to kill 'fake heroes' explicitly. Though the boy had no solid idea of Stain's complicated ideologies, the villain appreciated that he tried to explain it.

Besides, none of them could handle a weapon like him, so he'd be doing the kid a favor.

_____

Izuku is suitably terrified of the serial killer's sudden appearance, but once Stain stated his reason for coming, calm settled over his features.

"At what cost? I already analyzed your Quirk, though I'm not sure if I was completely correct. Did I analyze it incorrectly? Or would you like me to do you a favor in exchange?"

This time, Izuku's words were clear and cold, despite being in front of a notoriously skilled killer.

Stain just laughed and told Izuku that he did him a favor by making a video on him, so he was just paying back his debt.

Izuku stared at the man in complete confusion before deciding not to question it.

Any and all help is appreciated at this point.

_____

CompletelyJacked: *@Nobody I have a sound based Quirk, and as I've been learning how to fight at my dojo(in preparations for the UA entrance exams), I noticed something really interesting. Do you think you could elaborate on it?*

Nobody: *It's nice to see upcoming heroes rounding themselves! Far too many rely on their Quirks too much, unfortunately. I'm not sure if I can elaborate unless I have more information, but I'm happy to help!:)*

CompletelyJacked: *It was actually your channel that inspired me to round myself(especially that episode on President Mic), so thank you! Anyway, as I was practicing with another student I got into the zone; and I realized that all of the fights were on a beat? It was sort of like pacing, except more specific. I can't think of a good way to phrase it, and I was hoping you could let me know if it's a normal thing(for sound Quirks) or a new part of my Quirk?*

Nobody: *I don't think it's a new manifestation of your Quirk. I've helped others with sound-based Quirks and I've noticed they pick up on patterns of sound(sometimes unintentionally) pretty often. Still, to be sure, could you explain a little more? Understanding your Quirk and its limits is an important part of heroics.*

———

Izuku doesn't have a sound based Quirk. He doesn't have any Quirk, for that matter.

Yet somehow, he understands what CompletelyJacked explained. It actually makes sense.

It's no secret sudden speed ups in hero/villain fights startles the enemy. Still, Izuku can't just speed up when he was at his limit. That would just lead to a collapse, and the inability to run away from a threat.

So, he needs to figure out a way to implement the 'pacing' theory steadily and throw people off the fight's rhythm. And he knows just who to test it on.

"Dabi~" Izuku singsonged, skipping into the warehouse they moved to after the noise complaints and threats from the alleyway's bordering businesses.

The group let out a collective gulp when they see the sharp look in Izuku's bright eyes.

Normally, his sunshine smile is cute, but even Izuku had his bad days. The last time he lashed out he threw someone twice his size out of the fighting area. Though he had apologized profusely after that and proceeded to princess carry him to the nearest hospital(the poor man was so embarrassed he didn't show up to their practices for weeks).

So they all knew to stay out of the way. If Dabi was the intended target, then...better him than them. Besides, Izuku usually compensated them with thoughtful gifts until they caved and felt more relaxed, so Dabi would be fine after whatever was going to go down.

———

Dabi is flat on his back, muttering curses and gasping for air.

"What—the—fuck—was—that—?!"

Everything was going normally until that crazy kid came in with a weird glint in his eyes. He wanted to fight Dabi specifically, which was fine, but how the fuck—

"Did it work?" Izuku stands over him, peering at the scarred man.

The fuck is he talking about?!

"Did you feel off balance?"

Yes.

Dabi nods, sitting up and watching the boy nod thoughtfully, a distant look on his face.

"You going to explain what the hell that was? Did you learn that from Stain or something?"

Stain usually trained Izuku separately. He's a busy man, after all.

Izuku doesn't like him killing heroes, but he isn't going to turn down help from someone that skilled.

"No. I talked to someone with a sound based Quirk who gave me some insight...I wonder if that would work on Stain, though?" Izuku wonders, his eyebrows scrunching.

Dabi sighs, knowing he won't be getting any more answers from Nobody. Whatever the kid did, it made him feel off balance the entire fight.

"Is Stain teaching you *anything* useful?" Dabi asked, standing up and towering over the kid.

He's so short...

"Yeah, I'm learning how to use katanas. It's a lot of repetition, but building muscle memory is pretty important. I've been thinking about ways to make everyone's training mesh together too, because I can't just suddenly switch styles. It'd be weird. Or it could be a way to throw off the enemy..."

Izuku starts muttering, and Dabi decides not to interrupt.

———

User3689765: *@Nobody, I have a request.*

Nobody: *What is it?*

User3689765: *I have a granddaughter with an extremely volatile Quirk, and she needs help. I'm willing to pay you if you can just figure out a way for her to use her Quirk safely.*

Izuku frowns after reading the message. People usually didn't offer money, but the person could be desperate.

Nobody: *Meet me at XXXX Park in two days. No compensation needed:)*

———

This time, Izuku asks his pseudo bodyguards to come and keep an eye on him. He doesn't want to be kidnapped.

So, with his Nobody mask and hoodie on, he sits on a park bench, enjoying the nice weather.

He recorded his video yesterday, and still needed to get the editing done today, so hopefully—

"Nobody?"

Izuku's head whips towards the sound, body tensing.

To his left, an older man wearing traditional clothing and holds a small, white haired girl with a horn coming out of the right side of her forehead. Behind him, a tall man with auburn hair in a black surgical mask and gloves hovers over the pair, clearly uncomfortable in the

park.

Those clothes look expensive.

"Yes."

Izuku stands up, giving them a short nod as he eyes the girl in the older man's arms. She stares back, blinking innocently with bright red eyes.

"This is my granddaughter, Eri. I was hoping you could help her?"

"I can. Please tell me everything you know about her Quirk."

It must've manifested recently, she doesn't look older than four or five.

Izuku notices the younger man's eyebrows raise, but the older man nods and tells him everything he knows.

From her Quirk manifesting two weeks ago, to her parents Quirks(the ability to halt biological functions in another human being and a minor time compression Quirk), to her father's death and the...estrangement of the mother. Izuku had a feeling the mother was a sore subject, so he decided to leave it be, mulling over the possibilities in his head.

"...Normally, I'd suggest a Quirk councilor, but I have a feeling she'd be targeted." Izuku says, tapping his mask thoughtfully. Both men stiffen slightly at his words, but he's too deep in thought to notice.

"Did the mother notice any sort of...um, change around Eri while she was using her Quirk the first time?" He asks, hoping his assumption is correct.

"Yes, she said there was yellow light all around her when she found her." The older man responds.

"I see...in that case, Eri's Quirk probably stores energy, so she'll need a way to release it safely so it doesn't grow so much that it's uncontrollable. You could bring her small animals and have her reverse them weekly so it doesn't store up too much energy and end up harming someone again." Izuku says, the sun warming him despite the crisp weather.

"Thank you." The old man smiles, and Izuku smiles back, despite knowing the old man can't see him.

"It's no problem. I'm happy to he—"

"NOBODY!" A faint roar makes Izuku flinch.

Slowly, he looks beyond the two men, and sees a familiar flaming hero charging at them.

"Holy—TIME TO GO!" Izuku screams, whirling around and hightailing it past his hidden bodyguards. His hood flies off in the wind, revealing green curls.

WHY IS ENDEAVOR CHASING ME?!

There's no time to think. Izuku's feet barely touch the sidewalk as he sprints for the entrance of the park, leaving the two men and the little girl in the dust. Surprised by Nobody's sudden disappearance, the group almost gets bowled over by a angry hero. The younger man pulls them out of the way just in time, eyes narrowing as he glares at Endeavor's fiery back.

"WHERE DID THAT BRAT GO?!" He roars, his head whipping to the people he nearly knocked over.

They just glare at him, and the hero scoffs, setting off in the direction Nobody disappeared.

"That kid sure can run." The old man comments, patting Eri on the head gently.

The younger man nods, his yellow eyes narrowing as he thinks about the encounter.

"Pops, doesn't Nobody have an analysis Quirk?"

'Pops' shrugs, holding Eri closer to his chest.

"He never explicitly stated that was his Quirk. Maybe he's just smart. Either way, I'm thankful he came to help us, especially if he has to run from enraged pro heroes constantly."

The younger man nods, his auburn hair shining in the sun as he ponders the mysterious YouTuber.

———

Panting, Izuku rips off his hoodie and mask in an alleyway, tucking them under his arm safely.

He ran like hell for at least thirty minutes, and managed to get away from the flaming pro hero, but his stress levels were still high.

"Why the hell did he chase me like that?!" Izuku asks, shuddering at the memory of Endeavor's enraged screams.

"Sunshine, he's probably mad about the video you released about him..." A bald bodyguard speaks up.

"Also, your hood fell off." The other says, eyeing Izuku's green curls.

Damn it, now they'll know how to find me!

Izuku starts muttering hysterically, and both of the guards look to each other helplessly.

"Kid, calm down. You can just dye your hair..." One suggests.

Izuku pauses, thinking about it.

"But my hair color is listed as green..." Izuku says miserably.

"You could always list it as a side effect of a Quirk." The bald man pats Izuku's shoulder sympathetically.

"Isn't dying it going to take a lot of time? And money?" Izuku asks, worried about what his mom is going to think.

"I know a person that owes me a favor...but it might be permanent. You good with that?"

If they know what I look like, they might find Mom...

"...Yeah. If it keeps me anonymous, then I'll do it." Izuku says with determination.

———

"Izuku?"

Inko stares at her son's hair. She hadn't minded him getting a haircut, but this...

Izuku turns to face her, his shock of white hair pinned out of his face with neon pink butterfly clips as he makes dinner.

"Mom! Welcome home, I'm making your favorite."

"Izuku, what happened to your hair?"

"Well...I accidentally bumped into someone and they activated their Quirk, so..." He gestures towards his hair helplessly.

"Were there any other side effects?" Inko asks, worried about her son.

"Um, no. But...I think it might be long term...like, very long term..." Izuku winces at his lie, praying his mother doesn't see through it.

Inko watches him tug at his hair thoughtfully.

So it was an accident, then.

Well, Hizashi had white hair. Izuku looked a lot like him, now that she thought about it.

"It's okay, baby. Your father has white hair too. Since this is long term, though, we should update your records."

Izuku gives her a bright smile, and Inko's heart melts.

He's such a good son.

———

"Did you go white from stress or something?" Stain asks during their next nighttime training session.

"Ah, no. I was helping out someone's granddaughter in my mask and Endeavor spotted me. He kinda chased me for a couple blocks, and my hood fell off, so..." Izuku gestures at his hair, frowning at the memory.

Stain's eyes narrow at the mention of the fake hero, and he feels somewhat annoyed that the pro would chase after a child so openly.

"...Pick up your blades. Stretch, then three hundred reps of the usual, then five rounds and you can head home."

Izuku nods, picking up the training blades Stain lent him with a determined glint in his eyes.

———

"So he has green hair and an analysis Quirk." Nighteye clarifies, earning a grunt from the fiery hero on the other line.

"*Yes.*"

"Thank you for the information, I'll be sure to contact you when I find anything useful."

Sir Nighteye hangs up, a sharp pain starting right above his right eyebrow. It doesn't sit right with him, a child being chased down because of a video citing public information and an opinion.

The issue was that if the child did something like that again, the Hero Commission might step in. And Sir Nighteye didn't want to think about what they'd do to him.

———

Izuku, once again, messed up. He had listed UA as one of his potential high schools, and the teacher—*screw him*—told the entire class.

They all laughed, and the dark feeling clawed its way up his chest again. But he didn't say anything, just doodling on his notebook until it stopped.

And now Izuku's shoulder is burning, and Kacchan is screaming at him about how UA is *his* dream school, and that a Quirkless Deku like him should just give up—

"Why don't you pray that you'll be born with a Quirk in your next life, and take a swan dive off the roof of the building?"

That's new.

Izuku flinches, but doesn't move until he hears the classroom door shut. The dark feeling whirls in his chest, even as he fishes his notebook out of the koi pond, even as he walked through the underpass and—

"Ah, it seems I've found the perfect—OH! Are you the Nobody? I heard you changed your hair, it looks nice!"

A slimy person blocks the entrance of the underpass, and Izuku jumps, his cheeks heating up when he realizes he's been recognized.

"Y-Yeah! Thanks for the compliment, I was worried it didn't look good on me." Izuku rubbed the back of his neck with a sunny smile.

The slime person grins, then pulls a waterproof notebook out of his body and hands it to Izuku.

"Could I get your autograph? I'm a big fan, and I'd love to have proof I actually met you!"

"S-Sure! I'm glad you like me so much." Izuku turns an even deeper shade of red, and takes the notebook, fishing for his pencil.

"By the way, are you thinking of making merch? You have a bunch of subscribers now so—"

"NEVER FEAR! I AM HERE!"

In a flash, the slime person is contained in a plastic bottle, and a tall, beefy man stands in front of Izuku, his smile gleaming.

"ALL MIGHT!" Izuku jumps, eyes wide as he realizes his idol is in front of him.

"Thank you for your patience young man! I'm sure you were terrified! Don't worry, the villain is taken care of!"

Then All Might turns to go.

But he isn't a villain!

Izuku grabs All Might's leg, trying to tell him that the slime person is innocent, only to be taken along for a ride thousands of feet in the sky.

"Well, looks like my—HOLY ME—Kid, what are you doing?! Get off this instant!"

Izuku tried to talk, but the wind pushed his face backwards.

All Might lands on the roof of a building, and Izuku collapses, thankful for the solid ground.

Wait. Isn't this my chance to ask him if I could be a hero?

If anyone knew what it takes to be a hero, it would be All Might, the number one hero, right?

"All Might sir! I have a question!"

You can do it!

"Even if I don't have a Quirk, can I become a hero?"

———

The dark, clawing feeling is back. This time, it isn't because of Kacchan. It was because of All Might.

Izuku has been cursed. Cursed with knowledge, and cursed with All Might's crushing words.

You can't be a hero without power. Be realistic.

Tears stream down Izuku's face, but he barely registers them, clutching the waterproof notebook his fan gave him as he walks the streets.

"Whoa, what's going on?"

"It's a hostage situation. Some villain got a hold of a middle schooler with a destructive Quirk and none of the heroes can do anything about it."

"Wasn't All Might chasing this guy?"

"All Might is here?!"

Middle schooler?

Izuku slips through the crowd, trying to get a better look.

The slime person and—

"Kacchan?"

Izuku's eyes widen as he realizes what he's done. All Might...can't save Kacchan because of him. Him and his stupid questions and stupid dreams and—

The darkness claws its way up his throat, and this time, Izuku doesn't try to stop it.

Quickly, he darts through the barrier, walking up to the slime person. The air around him is cold, almost as if the fire has been put out. None of the heroes manage to catch him, and he tunes out the angered screams of the pros. He's used to angered sceams.

"*What* do you think you're doing?" His voice, colder than ice, makes the slime person freeze, one of his eyes turning over to see his favorite YouTuber giving him a look that strikes terror in his heart.

———

In the end, he makes sure the slime person finds his actual body. He'd been trying to ask others for help in getting to where it was located because someone accidentally used their Quirk on him and forced him out of it. From then on, he was assumed a villain because of his Quirk use in public and ended up with All Might chasing him of all things. The fan would be getting off with a fine, and there wouldn't be a mark on Bakugou's record, despite the extent of property damage he caused.

Izuku isn't surprised. The heroes stopped praising him once Bakugou's scream of 'YOU DAMN QUIRKLESS LOSER' reached their ears.

Eventually, he slips away, meeting up with his slightly panicked bodyguards, who seem to sense his bad mood and remain quiet and escort him back to his complex. With a couple pats on his back and a ruffle of his hair, they leave, telling him to let them know when he's ready to talk.

That night, Izuku falls asleep with a tear streaked face and a heavy heart. He doesn't come out of his room the next day, telling his mom he didn't feel well.

Inko was understandably concerned, but she had to be in court early, so all she could do was tell him to take care of himself and leave.

As Izuku lays on his side, he thinks.

He thinks about his childhood friend.

He thinks about All Might.

He thinks about how he was treated, because he's Quirkless.

Because he wasn't born with power.

Which doesn't make sense. Most people don't even use their Quirks regularly. It's literally against the law to do so.

Plus, there are plenty of people that fight Quirkless.

Sir Nighteye. Eraserhead. Stain.

They're respected. Or at least considered competent.

20% of the world is Quirkless. That demographic may be mostly older people, but that doesn't change the statistic.

Quirkless people aren't weak. They aren't less than others because they lack something.

Anger solidified in Izuku, and he sat up.

He is going to force everyone to see that he isn't weak.

That Quirkless people aren't weak.

Even if I have to claw my way to victory.

Chapter End Notes

Spite is a powerful motivator.

Also, I'm making Overhaul be nice to Eri because I want him to be a decent human being for once.

Izuku knows most of his 'bodyguards'/friends are criminals, or at least shady, but they seem nice enough, so he decides to ignore it. They're the most supportive friends he's ever had anyway, so why not?

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

> Izuku gets a sister, is accepted into UA, meets a friend, and stands up to Bakugou.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku Midoriya is many things, but stupid is not one of them.

He knows that getting into the hero course of UA is hard. And no matter how well Izuku does, he knows there would be bias. He needs a foolproof way to prove that he's undeniably strong enough to be in the hero course.

And he knows just how to do it.

The UA Sports Festival is televised nationwide, and will be his chance to show the world just what a Quirkless person can do. Until then, Izuku would apply for General Studies.

He has a little over ten months to become as strong as possible, and to be able to compete with kids who’s Quirks defy nature.

A knock on his door brings him back to reality.

"Come in!" Izuku smiles, knowing his mom is probably coming to tell him she's home and ask about his day.

"Izuku, I have something to tell you." Inko cracks the door open, and the note of hesitation in her voice makes him freeze.

Did she find out about my channel?

"W-What is it?"

A loud squeal comes from behind Inko, making him jump.

"IS THAT IZUKU'S ROOM?!" A familiar voice yells, sounding excited.

Wide eyed, Izuku watches Himiko Toga barge into his room.

What the—

"Izuku!" She launches herself at him, sending them both toppling back onto the bed.

"Mom?"

Inko stepped into the room, smiling sheepishly.

"Well, I won her case. She's on probation and her parents are dealing with the authorities. But I didn't want to put her into the system, so...she'll be staying with us. The guest bedroom is cleared out for her. You don't mind, right?"

It's then Izuku spots the tracker on her ankle. Smiling, he hugs Toga back, giving his mom a subtle nod.

"Welcome to the family, Himiko!"

———

The next ten months were hellish. Between Stain and Dabi, Izuku is exhausted.

He brought Himiko with him to meet his fanclub, and they accepted her as his sister once they saw how well he treated her.

Wielding twin katanas and knives became second nature, and he could easily use whatever was around himself with deadly force. He could run for miles without getting tired, and scale walls easily.

Himiko helped by clinging to his back like a monkey and insisting on him carrying her everywhere. He decided that it wouldn't hurt to be able to carry another person around with ease.

Izuku is going to be a hero, after all.

———

"Congratulations! You have been accepted to the UA General Studies. Best of luck. Your uniform will arrive in a separate package. Plus Ultra!"

Izuku smiles, a glint in his eye as he watches the video play again.

"You did it, Zuzu!" Himiko squeals, barreling through the door and jumping onto him.

He's used to it by now, and catches her with ease. Inko follows, her

heart swelling with pride when she sees his smile.

"How do you want to celebrate? I can make katsudon, and there's still some ice cream in the fridge?"

Izuku nods, his smile softening at the teary woman. She returns it, attempting to wipe her tears away.

Inko knows he worked hard to get into UA, but she feels like he's drifting away from her.

As if sensing her thoughts, Izuku leaps up and yells:

"GROUP HUG!"

Before carrying Himiko across the room (Inko still had no idea how he does that) and wrapping his arm around his mother.

Himiko joins in, happy to be part of the hug as Inko hugs them both back.

_____

F*ckEndeavor: *Good job, kid.*

Nobody *: Thank you!!!*

RighteousFury: *You'll be a good hero. Don't let that school drill any fake hero propaganda into you.*

Nobody: *You got it! Stay safe:)*

_____

Izuku stares up at his new school, his reality settling in.

I'm going to UA.

And I'm going to prove I can be a hero, Quirkless or not.

Throwing a smile and wave over his shoulder at his bodyguards—who silently waved back, eyes pricking with proud tears(Izuku's emotional crying habits have started affecting them)—he walked into the gates, his chest light.

Our Sunshine got into UA!

The bodyguards silently fist bumped, happy that they had helped their favorite YouTuber get into his dream school.

———

"Welcome to UA. I am Snipe, your homeroom teacher."

"Hello Snipe-sensei!" The class chorused, making the man jump a little.

"...Right. Please take out your phones and download the UA app. Once you enter your student ID, you'll find it useful."

The students complied, and Izuku realized that it had a mapping function.

"You'll see a map icon in your bottom right corner. I expect no tardies without a *very* good reason. Understand?"

The class nods collectively, and Izuku notices that there's even a reminder for homework due for each subject.

As expected of a top hero school.

"Now, follow me out of the class in an orderly fashion. I'll be showing you the most important parts of the school and introducing you to other staff before orientation. Please keep the volume to a minimum, there may be other classes in session."

———

Izuku ended up near the back, soaking in every detail of the campus. He was so distracted that he bumped into another student's back, a boy with purple hair and dark eye bags.

"S-Sorry!"

The boy just stares at him blankly for a minute, then sighs tiredly.

"It's okay."

Curious about his new classmate, Izuku leans in a little closer, ignoring the growing gap between them and their classmates.

"I'm Izuku Midoriya. What's your name?"

He stares at the white haired boy, somewhat suspicious of the sudden

interest placed on him.

"...I'm Hitoshi Shinsou."

Izuku nods, filing the new name away carefully.

"So, Shinsou, what hair gel do you use?" He asks, intrigued by his classmates gravity-defying hair.

Is it a side effect of his Quirk?

Shinsou blinks, surprised by the strange question.

"I don't use hair gel."

"Seriously? How does your hair do that then?"

"Umm...I don't know?"

The boys set off down the hall, Izuku peppering his new classmate with questions. He avoids talking about Quirks, though.

I'm not telling anyone here I'm Quirkless until the Sports Festival.

He doesn't need to deal with nasty comments while enjoying his dream school.

Suddenly, Izuku stops, pulling Shinsou to a stop with him. Shinsou gives him a weird look, only to jump a mile in the air when the door in front of them is blown into the opposite wall, making the windows shudder and bend to accommodate the heavy object before it crashes to the floor with a *THUD*.

"IT WAS SUPPOSED TO DO THAT!" A young, female voice screams as grey smoke pours out of the door.

"MEI HATSUME! DISMANTLE THAT MACHINE THIS INSTANT!"

A loud whine comes from inside the door, and Izuku spots a flash of pink hair and brassy, steampunk goggles that catch the light coming from the windows.

"I'M NOT MURDERING MY BABIES!"

Both boys are frozen in place--one part the shock of a near death experience, the other confusion at the weird conversation. They turn to the other, confirming they heard everything correctly with

exaggerated facial expressions.

Upon confirmation, they simultaneously decide to pretend this didn't happen, and speed walk through the thinning grey smoke to catch up with their class.

———

"Shinsou!" Izuku spots his classmate sitting alone and rushes over, relieved to see a familiar face in the sea of cafeteria tables.

The purple haired boy seems surprised that Izuku found him again, but doesn't protest when Izuku plops into the seat across from him.

"Midoriya."

He's surprised by the amount of food on the white haired boy's plate, but his jaw almost drops when Izuku practically inhales it.

"Geez, where does all of that go?"

"Well—"

Izuku pauses when he sees a boy with red and white hair pass them.

Is that Shouto Todoroki?

"You watch Nobody too, huh? I wouldn't be surprised if he was right about the Todoroki family..." Shinsou trails off, watching the boy's receding back.

He watches my channel?!

Izuku almost combusts from embarrassment. His classmate actually watches his YouTube videos!

"Y-Yeah! I-I think...well, I don't want to assume, but...Endeavor is really violent." He concludes, pushing a piece of rice around his plate awkwardly, still embarrassed that his new classmate *actually watches his channel.*

"Do you have a favorite video from their channel? Mine's Quirks VS Today's Society. I really liked that he talked about Quirk discrimination and—"

"DEEKKKUUUUUUUU!" A very familiar scream came from across the cafeteria, making Izuku flinch.

He can practically feel the rage pouring off his former friend's body as he turns to watch Katsuki stomp up to them.

Well, he's been my bully longer than my friend, so maybe I should stop thinking of him that way...

"K—" Izuku stops himself, remembering how much Katsuki hated the nickname he gave him.

"Bakugou. Please stop screaming, you're disturbing others' lunch."

The blonde boy screeches to a halt, staring at the green eyed boy with slightly widened eyes.

Izuku can *feel* the eyes on them, and the familiar darkness swirls in his chest.

Why does he always get in the way of me making friends?

"THE HELL DID YOU JUST CALL ME?! DIE!" Bakugou screams, followed by a series of small explosions aimed near the white haired boy's head.

Izuku barely moves, the dark feeling clawing its way up his throat when he notices Shinsou flinch back out of the corner of his eye.

Is that what I looked like?

The temperature drops a few degrees as Izuku stares at Bakugou.

Sensing something was wrong, Bakugou scowls at the white haired boy, his annoyance growing at the useless expression on that loser's face.

"I SAID—"

"I heard what you said. Bakugou is your name, isn't it? Now please leave, your screaming is disruptive."

Bakugou stills, choking on his next words as he stares into those green eyes. They were glowing with something—something wrong.

That's not how Deku reacts. Deku flinches back. What is wrong with him?

Eyes narrowing, Bakugou takes a step forwards, only to stop when Izuku's glare sharpens into something...feral.

"Now that you're in a hero school, you're expected to conduct yourself as a hero would. Why don't you drop your bad habits from middle school? I'm sure the teachers wouldn't be happy to hear your record isn't as clean as it looks." Izuku smiles—no, bares his teeth—making Bakugou flinch slightly.

"You wouldn't—"

"I would. Now back off."

Bakugou hesitates for a minute. Then he whirls away, an enraged sneer on his face as he stomps away from their table.

Stupid Deku.

When did he start acting like that, anyways?

Shinsou stares at the boy in front of him, taken aback by how angry he looks.

And just like that, a smile spreads over Izuku's face, and all traces of anger disappear like they were never there.

"Sorry about him. He's a walking ball of issues, and tends to take it out on others. Try to avoid him if you can." Izuku suggests, adjusting his blazer sleeves.

I can't believe I just stood up to K-Bakugou!

Shinsou nods, curious about the odd confrontation.

He sounds like he's speaking from experience...

The purple haired boy decides not to pry. Izuku seems nice enough, and hasn't asked about his Quirk yet, so Shinsou is fine with maintaining a friendly relationship with him.

———

There's a crowd of reporters blocking the front gates. Somewhat annoyed, Izuku watches them crowd the front gates, screaming incoherently about All Might.

When a head of purple hair appears beside him, he jumps, surprised to see the boy from yesterday.

Shinsou.

"Good morning!" Izuku says, smiling brightly at the tired looking boy.

Shinsou nods in return, squinting at the bright light.

In a couple of bushes further down the street, Izuku's bodyguards light up, noticing that their favorite kid made a friend.

"Sunshine must've charmed him with his smile!" One whispered excitedly.

"No one can resist his smile." The other agrees.

"Do you know why they're here?" Izuku asks, gesturing towards the hoard of reporters.

Shinsou looks over at him with raised eyebrows, holding back a yawn as he responds.

"You didn't know? All Might is teaching at UA this year. They're probably here for him."

The white haired boy stiffens.

All Might...here?

Shinsou notices the conflicting emotions flashing through his classmates eyes, but decides not to comment.

It's fine, he's probably teaching the hero course, so I won't have to see him...for a while...

Izuku sighs, rubbing his temples.

This is troublesome, but he's here, and being taught by All Might would be a good learning experience, no matter how much Izuku dislikes the Quirkist bastard.

It's fine.

Pushing thoughts of All Might to the side, Izuku checks the time.

"We're going to be late!"

He shrieks in horror, his voice cracking hilariously and almost sending Shinsou into a fit of laughter.

"I'm sure it's fi—"

"Sensei said not to be late!" He interrupts, his nerves sky rocketing.

"It's not like we can get through them, Midoriya. We'll just get trampled and overwhelmed." Shinsou reasons, giving the nervous boy a deadpan look.

The gears in Izuku's mind turn, and a smile stretches across his face.

"How do you feel about being carried?"

"...Uhm...It's okay? I'm not a huge fan, but—"

Shinsou is interrupted again by Izuku throwing him over his shoulder and sprinting forwards.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" Shinsou shrieks, desperately grabbing Izuku's backpack to steady himself.

"HOLD ON!" Izuku yells back, a huge grin on his face.

His classmate screeches like all the demons in hell are chasing them as Izuku leaps upwards, grabbing a small handhold in the middle of the high wall and scaling it with ease. Once they're at the top, Izuku drops into a nearby tree, using a branch to swing them neatly on the ground.

"We did it!" Izuku cheers, grinning as he sets his pale classmate down.

Shinso just stares at the boy, hands shaking from adrenaline and fear.

"You crazy bastard! All that so we wouldn't be late?" He grabs Izuku's shoulders and shakes him violently. "What if the lasers zapped us?!" Shinsou asks, borderline hysterical.

"There are lasers?" Izuku's eyes widen, his grin fading.

"YES!"

"...Oops?" Izuku offers weakly, smile lopsided.

Shinsou stares at him in pure disbelief for a minute before deciding that Midoriya is one of the craziest people he's ever met.

"You know what? You got us past the reporters. Let's just go to class." He sighs, running a hand through his fluffy purple hair.

Izuku nods, following the shaken boy diligently.

———

Shigaraki stares at the wall incredulously, still processing what he saw.

That kid seriously just climbed UA's thirty foot wall like it was nothing...

"He's so cool!"

"As expected of Sunshine."

Two voices come from near his hiding spot.

Are they talking about that kid?

"I've got to get to work. Do you know when the afternoon shift is getting here?"

"Ah, I think a little before school lets out. It's Sato's turn this time."

Afternoon shift?

"This school is a lot more secure than his last one..."

"He never allowed us on school grounds anyway. Besides, it's his dream school! Let the kid live."

...Are they stalking that kid?

No, they seem to be familiar with the kid, and even made rules and boundaries.

Are they some type of bodyguards?

"Sorry, I can't help worrying. You know how he's planning on getting in the hero course through the Sports Festival?"

"Duh. Why else do you think he'd slow down his uploading schedule?"

"He's a good kid, and I'm just worried the heroes will find out about him. What if he gets arrested?"

Why would some random ass kid get arrested?!

"Nah, he's not breaking any laws, just stating the obvious. Anyways, I gotta go. You coming?"

Stating the obvious?

"...Yeah. Thanks for letting me vent, man."

"No problem. After all the time we've spent together, I'm surprised you haven't said anything sooner."

"You know how it is."

The voices disappear, leaving a very confused manchild in their wake.

Who is that kid?

Chapter End Notes

Izuku: *meets Shinso*

Shinso:...

Izuku: We're friends now!

Shinso: *confused introvert noises*

I GOT FANART HOLY SHIT-

https://i-do-not-dislike-fudge.tumblr.com/post/643835327504613377/some-fanart-for-legalkidnapping-on-ao3-this-is

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

It's about Hawks. That's it. No one but Hawks.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

@Hawksfan4ever: *@Nobody could you do a video on Hawks????*

_____

Izuku stares at his screen, the familiar darkness bubbling up in his chest. But this time, it isn't because of Bakugou.

No, this time, it's because of the Hero Commission. He hadn't really liked them in the first place, since they banned people with 'weak' Quirks from getting a license, stating(in very pretty, convoluted words) that they would be a liability. Thankfully, there was nothing about the Quirkless.

Probably because we're a 'dying breed'.

Izuku thinks bitterly. He couldn't even go to regular hospitals for his injuries, and not for the lack of trying. But that wasn't the issue right now.

A couple years ago, he'd started online technology classes. From there, he's built up his knowledge and practiced using the city security cameras(no, it's not hacking, it's just online information gathering to practice for his hero work).

It was a comment that had set him off on his latest journey. They asked him to do a video on Hawks, and since he typically did a short overview of their childhood, he went digging. Nothing on fan forums. Nothing on the Quirk registry. The hero's birth certificate read: Hawks. No place of birth. Not even a real name.

A sense of unease settled over him, and he started digging deeper, combing the recesses of the internet. The unease only grew when he found nothing. So, as a final resort, he explored(he won't use the word hack, even if it kills him) the Hero Commission's files.

What he found was...sickening.

Subject 57 Of The IHP

Name: *Keigo Takami*

Alias: *Hawks*

Current Age: *22*

Age Enrolled: *6-7(birth year unknown)*

Number: *57*

Project: *Inimitable Hero Program(IHP)*

Quirk: *Fierce Wings. Gives him a pair of bright red wings that can be telekinetically controlled by feather. Exhibits some minor bird traits, such as taloned feet and second eyelid.*

Personality: *Silent, emotionless, dull.* (See notes below)

Adjustments: *Bird-like traits need to be trained out of him. This includes and is not limited to: second eyelid blinking, stress gripping, bird-like noises, etc. Appearance wise, talons on feet must go, and feathers in hairline should to as well(Quirk suppressants are recommended, otherwise surgery). Personality wise, needs to show more emotion and*Read More...

Izuku pauses when he sees the link for the contracts, something heavy roiling in his chest. Jaw tense, he clicks on the link and reads through the thirty contracts that bind the Number Three hero to the Commission until his death.

After saving all of the information on an external hard drive and writing down a few notes, he closed his computer and leaned backwards, taking a deep breath. The pressure in his chest is still there, making it difficult to breathe properly.

Quietly, he sets everything away and steps out of the room, shoving his emotions into a nice little box and pushing them to the side.

"Himiko, do you want to go to that mall in Yamanashi prefecture? I heard there's a place with really good mussels there..." Izuku calls, hoping to lure the girl from her room.

She'd been spending more time than usual in there doing whatever teenage girls do, and he's starting to worry she's fully committing to

her vampire habits.

Also, mussels are her weakness. While looking for cheaper alternatives to blood(the Midoriya's are middle class, not rich, even with Inko's income as a lawyer), he stumbled across a forum dedicated to helping people with blood Quirks, and he quickly discovered several gems he shared with his new sister.

Mussels had the closest iron content to blood, and they usually helped her cravings so they didn't have to pick up fresh blood daily. She still got blood twice weekly though, and Inko has started to consult him on disaster zones so they'll get cheaper deals(excess blood donations are always an issue at the sights of massive villain attacks).

"REALLY?!" Came a screech from down the hall.

"Yeah. Mom said she'll be working tonight, so let's go! I'm sure she won't mind." He offers, heading the telltale squeal of joy at the offer.

_____

The train ride is filled with her excited chatter, and he smiles and nods along, happy that she's enjoying herself.

Unfortunately, Himiko refused to leave the house without dressing him today, so he's stuck in a plain t-shirt, an open jacket and a pair of ripped skinny jeans he didn't know he had.

(Seriously, where does she find this stuff?)

She and his mom went shopping a while ago for school and casual clothing(he hid in his room that day, he could *feel* their pointed stares at his shirt that read: pants), so she had a wardrobe to choose from. Himiko also got enrolled in a nearby public school and seemed to be making new friends that don't care about her Quirk.

The train slowed to a halt, and he stood up, holding her sleeve so they wouldn't get separated.

They weave through crowds with practiced ease to approach the tall, open air mall. It's entrance is marked by an arch as tall as Mt. Lady's shin.

"So, what's UA like?" Himiko asks, eyes alert for any sign of a map to food or the food itself.

Izuku pauses, stepping out of the way of a larger man with a goldfish head mutation.

"It's nice."

It would be nicer if All Might and Bakugou weren't there...

"Honestly, I'm kind of disappointed I haven't met Eraserhead yet. He's supposed to be a teacher there, and he fights Quirkless, which is *amazing*." Izuku says, noticing a directory right next to a group of boys that looked around their age.

"Do you want help ambushing him?" Himiko chirps, a wide grin on her face when she spots the map too.

"Nah, I'll figure it out at some point. If you have any tips of stealth, though..." He trails off when he notices a head of purple hair in the middle of the group.

Peering closer, he confirms that yes, that is Hitoshi Shinsou, and that he does not like the way those boys are acting right now.

Forcing his face into a relaxed smile, he pushes down the anger that bubbles to the surface so quickly these days(he really needs to get a handle on that), and walks forwards, putting a hand on the apparent leader's shoulder.

"Hello there."

Thank god for the months of training with Dabi, otherwise he would've stuttered out of nerves by now. The group turns to him, looking annoyed by the interruption.

"The hell do you two want?" One with completely black eyes spits out, wearing a bright yellow jacket tied around his waist.

There's four of them, excluding Shinsou, who looks...resigned.

"Why are you harassing someone in public?" Izuku asks, fear settling in his gut like an old friend.

"Because he's lying about getting into UA."

"Yeah!"

"No guy with a Quirk like his could make it into UA!"

Himiko stiffens behind him, and Izuku's heart sinks.

"He probably cheated!"

"Fucking villain."

Anger presses down on Izuku's chest, making it difficult to breathe. It takes a moment for him to collect himself, but eventually manages to force out the question.

"What's wrong with his Quirk?" He challenges the group.

Shinsou winces and seems to retreat into himself. A boy crows in laughter, his abnormally large mouth stretched into a grin.

"He's got a villain's Quirk! He can brainwash people, so he must've cheated and used it on one of the teachers. That's no other way they let a villain like him in."

A villain's Quirk?

Izuku freezes, then he looks over to Shinsou, who seems to be trying to avoid his eyes and sink into the floor. The anger flares up again, and the air cools.

"Did you know," Izuku says coldly, his voice sending a chill down the group's spines. "That assault is no longer a crime if you don't use your Quirk?"

They all pale when he whips out a knife and presses it against the leader's side, just in sight of the other boys. Himiko steps up beside him, leaning towards the group of boys with a sharp smile on her face that makes the them step back.

"I'm going to give you ten seconds. If you aren't out of sight, then you're fair game." He purrs, a playful smile on his face.

"Ten."

They scatter, running so fast they almost knock over other shoppers. The smile slips off his face, and he pockets the knife.

"You shouldn't have done that." He reprimands Himiko, who pouts at him." Don't give me that look! You know you can't be involved in any confrontations for at least another year."

Shinsou is frozen, staring at the two of them blankly. Meanwhile,

Himiko turns to him, blonde hair gleaming in the setting sun.

"Is he your friend from school, Zuzu?"

The white haired boy looked over at his obviously shaken purple haired classmate. Smiling brightly, he walks over and sets a hand on Shinsou's shoulder, grounding him.

"Yeah! His Quirk is pretty cool, huh?"

"They said Brainwashing, right? That sounds awesome!" Himiko cheers in her usual bubbly fashion.

"You should come eat with us. I found a place that just opened up recently that has really good food." Izuku gently urges, steering Shinsou towards the directory with Himiko close behind.

_____

And that is how Shinsou found himself on a bench with the blonde girl, who's practically buzzing in her seat as she watches the doors of a restaurant.

Hesitantly, he looks directly at the girl, catching her attention.

"Doesn't he...care about my Quirk?" He asks, somewhat wary of this girl. She can change moods at the drop of a hat, which brings up some...concerns. Not that he'll say that out loud.

The girl looks over at him with a sympathetic look, which makes him bristle. He doesn't want sympathy, he wants answers. She seems to notice his defensiveness and shoots him a toothy grin.

"Nope! Zuku doesn't think like everyone else." The blonde haired girl's grin morphs into a smaller, more genuine smile.

"He doesn't really care about what type of Quirk you have. He's more likely to be worried about how it affects your health than if you'll use it on him. That's what he did for me!" She cheers, and Shinsou is taken aback by how well she speaks of him.

"Is he really like that?" God, he hopes so. He's so tired of being cast in suspicion and being forced to keep his mouth shut once people learn about his Quirk.

"Yeah! Actually, he-"

“I’m back!” The white haired boy calls, holding three takeout bowls and a cheerful smile. Quietly, he accepts the bowl and chopsticks, and the girl beside him is practically drooling as she snatches the chopsticks and bowl from him in a blur. Izuku just smiles and takes a seat beside Shinsou.

“I don’t know what type of food you like, but the hotpot looked good.” Izuku says, opening up his own bowl and letting the smell wash over him.

“...That’s fine.”

They all sit in silence, eating the hot food with the setting sun at their backs. Red bathes their surrounding, and the civilians around them go about their normal lives peacefully.

Once their bowls are empty, Shinsou gathers the courage to talk.

“Do you really think my Quirk is cool?”

Izuku, happy his friend is talking to him, sends him a smile brighter than the sun, making Shinsou squint.

“Yeah! You have the perfect Quirk for heroics!”

And just like that, the air is stolen from Shinsou’s lungs.

———

The topic of Hawks weighed heavily on his mind the next day. He did his work methodically, occasionally offering tips to Shinsou when he seemed confused. Shinsou also stuck closer to him(not that he noticed), and often leaned over to check on him. Silently, he followed behind Shinsou, deciding to push aside the number three hero far from his mind.

Lunch went pretty normally, besides everyone rushing straight to the hallway after they heard the level three alarm. Sighing, he tugged Shinsou’s sleeve and gestured for him to sit down.

“It’s just a level three. You’re supposed to stay in the nearest room, not evacuate.” He says, taking another bite of his lunch as he watched the mob of students become more and more frantic.

Shinsou pauses, looks at the crowd for a minute, then nods. He wasn’t all that eager to dive into a crowd of sweaty teenagers anyway.

Lunch ends with most of the student body embarrassed by their actions and a slightly more present Izuku.

———

At the end of the day, Izuku wanders to the familiar park. It isn't a meeting day, so no one is there except his designated bodyguards for the day. Slowly, he sits down in a corner, playing with the flash drive in his hand.

Doing this will hurt the Hero Commission. It's the only organization that can give licenses to heroes. However, there are other branches of the government that can distribute licenses for Quirk use...though they don't hold as much power as the Commission. And the Commission is abusing that power. The IHP is ongoing.

The image of other children being coerced into contracts like Hawks...it makes him physically sick. Reading over the papers for his training regime was brutal, and with a little more digging, he realized that Hawks was the only survior of the project. That means 56 *children* were bought and tortured to death.

"Hey kid, are you feeling okay?" A woman knelt next to him, putting a hand on his shoulder. She was one of his less frequent bodyguards, and made for an excellent sparring partner since her Quirk allowed her to become water vapor for short periods of time.

"...I'm...okay. I just…" He trails off, running a hand through his white curls.

The blue haired woman gives him a sympathetic smile, settling beside him. She doesn't speak, just keeps him company as his mind whirls with thoughts and possibilities. The sun sets, and the park is cast in the harsh streetlights.

His head is clear now, and his rage has solidified in his chest, now at a firm simmer just below the surface. Collecting his backpack, he walks home, his bodyguards following close behind him as he melts into the crowd.

The Comisson isn't going to get away with this.

———

"Today, I'll be doing something a little different than normal. Recently, I received a request to make a video on Hawks." Izuku

pauses, tugging at his sleeves agitatedly.

This is it.

“As I was researching his childhood, I noticed something odd. There is no record of a child with red wings anywhere. Not on forums, social media sites, or even the Quirk Registry. So I did a little more digging, and found out that the Hero Commisson scouted him out at 6 and trapped him in over twenty five contracts that bind him to their organization until death.”

A blunt way to put it, but there was no mincing words. That would give the Commisson wiggle room.

“I also discovered that Hawks was not the first child coerced into signing these contracts. He was the 57th, and the only suvivor of the ongoing ‘Inimitable Hero Program’ enacted by the Hero Public Safety Commisson. He was trained in public relations, infilration, withstanding torture, and repressing any bird-like traits he had. All of this started once they paid his mother a hefty price to stay silent and erased all records of his existence from Japan. Once he joined the program, his real name was replaced by his codename: Hawks.”

Izuku takes a deep breath, pushing down his anger at the topic. He needs to approach this as emotiolessly as possible, otherwise he won’t be taken seriously.

“I have the links with more information posted below, and a petition you can sign to make the Commisson take responsibility for their actions. I’d also like to issue a formal apology to Hawks for sharing this sensitive information without his consent.” He bows his head, hands folded together neatly.

“Have a nice day.”

He decides to upload it during rush hour and on multiple platforms so it would get maximum exposure. It’s three in the morning when he finally turns off his computer and goes to bed, his anger simmering just below the surface.

———

The next morning, as Izuku is riding the train to UA, he hears a loud gasp. Normally the train is pretty quiet, so it gets everyone’s attention. The woman in question doesn’t seem to notice, just stares at her screen in pale faced horror. Her friend turns to her, takes an earbud

and watches the screen. After a moment, she pales too, and looks like she might throw up.

I wonder what's wrong with them.

———

Somewhere in the distance, Nezu cackles in delight.

Chapter End Notes

> Wow a lot of people like this! Thank you for the supportive comments, they mean a lot to me.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

> Preparation for the Sports Festival and the HPSC's response to Nobody's video.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"This is unacceptable."

"I agree. This 'Nobody' has already been pushing the boundaries of law, but to so blatantly steal information from us and expose it to the public..."

"They need to be stopped!"

"Let us concentrate on the main issue for now. 'Nobody' can be...dealt with, after we release an official statement."

Meanwhile, Izuku is currently in the middle of a school wide lockdown, curled up at Shinsou's side. He can't quite remember what it's about, nor does he care. The weight of his discoveries the past few days have floated away, leaving him with bone deep exhaustion. So he dozed through most of the lockdown and drags himself home, completely missing the gaggle of middle schoolers having an intense discussion about the Hero Commission.

All he remembers is collapsing onto his bed, then darkness.

———

Izuku woke up a little after eight. Groggily, he gets up to change into more comfortable clothes, then flops back into bed. Himiko was out for a sleepover with a friend, and Mom was gone too, so he has the house to himself.

Yawning, he opens up his phone and searches up his latest video.

The Hero Public Safety Commission and Hawks

3,674,664 views

1.5M Likes | 23k Dislikes

Comments • 801,456

Holy shit...

Quickly, he pulls up his Discord. It's blowing up, despite his moderators attempts to calm everyone, there are hundreds of messages waiting to be read.

Feeling overwhelmed, he closes the app and scrolls through the news feeds. Several news stations are covering his video, and he eventually just sets his phone down and sits up, sleepiness gone. The house is too constricting.

Throwing on a dark Gang Orca hoodie, he slips out the door, grateful for the cool air filling his lungs. He doesn't remember where he wants to go, but he remembers running, scenery blurring together until he's on a rooftop. He stays there for a long time, legs dangling off the edge as he *breathes* , trying to forget his video and it's publicity.

The only thing he can do is pray the Commission is reformed and the IHP is shut down.

———

Early the next morning, the HPSC releases a statement at a nationwide press conference. It's simple, but the words make his blood boil.

"We cannot confirm the existence of such a program. That is all."

They can't just dismiss everything like that! He found solid evidence, records of training methods, even the meticulous records of injury that actually made him throw up. He worked hard to get that information, and they didn't get to sweep this under the rug with two sentences.

He doesn't realize he's shaking until Shinsou places a hand on his arm and gives him a concerned look. Izuku looks over at the purple haired boy with a blank expression, all of the rage gone in the face of a friend.

From the corner of his eye, he notices Snipe watching them from over his western book. He decides to set his phone aside and work on homework before he freaks someone else out.

———

Nobody @Nobody

September 24, XXXX

I'm disgusted by the Hero Commission's blatant dismissal of clear facts and information. I'm disgusted by their response to the media. And I'm disgusted that they think they can use their influence to sweep this under the rug. They have the blood of fifty-six children on their hands and we get a two sentence statement? Absolutely not. Click the link below to sign a petition to force the HPSC to take responsibility for their actions.

www.stoptheHPSC.com/IHP/Hawks

_____

Stain and him meet a day after the video is released. The man doesn't say much, but does notice how upset Izuku is, and he ends up buying them both ice cream.

So, at 2am, Izuku eats ice cream in a park with a serial killer.

It's...nice. He's grown used to Stain's intimidating presence, and even dared to debate morals of heroes with him occasionally.

"My training..." He realizes belatedly, to Stain's gruff amusement.

"You're too disracted to train, kid. Message me when you're ready, and try running. It helps with thinking, in my experience."

With a ruffle of Izuku's white hair, Stain vanishes into the night, leaving the boy to finish his ice cream alone.

_____

After the USJ breach(which he just found out about, how out of it was he?!), UA declared its intentions to continue with the Sports Festival. Shinsou and Izuku let out relieved sighs, while the rest of the class despaired their roles as cannon fodder for the heroics course.

Snipe didn't deny their groans of complaint, simply told them there would be treats in it for them once they were out of the running. That seemed to cheer the class up marginally.

Shinsou and Izuku stuck closer together than ever, and they would go on runs together at night. The purple haired boy has no idea how his friend found his house, and frankly doesn't care. Keeping up with Izuku is a chore, and leaves him sorer than his normal workout. But

for the sake of the transfer opportunity, he keeps up.

During these runs, there are several strange...incidents.

The first one happened on their third nightly run. They were jogging down an almost empty street when Izuku spotted someone across the street and picked up the pace.

"Tahara!"

The person in question didn't look particularly friendly, but as soon as they saw Izuku, they lit up.

"How's your new job going?" Shinsou's friend asks with a big smile.

"Pretty good! How have you been? Your latest video was pretty heavy."

Something dark flits through Izuku's eyes, so fast that Shinsou barely catches it. The conversion sort of blurs together after he pulls out his phone so he doesn't feel awkward not interacting with the stranger. Despite his Quirk, he's always been somewhat people shy, and his schooling experiences have only accentuated it.

In his sleep deprived state, he decides he definitely hallucinated the man offering to 'watch his back' and showing off very sharp fingernails.

———

The second incident is stranger than the last.

They'd just made a turn onto a more shady looking side street when he notices someone leap down from the roof and land right in front of them. Surprised, he skids to a stop and stares at the unidentifiable stranger.

Izuku doesn't seem put off at all, simply grins and runs up to the person, hugging their midsection tightly.

"Okabe, it's been months! What happened? Did you get hurt?"

"I'm fine, Sunshine. I was job hunting for a while. How's training going?" A feminine voice comes from the figure swathed in dark clothes.

"Good! I'm running with my friend right now, since everyone seems

pretty busy. Hopefully I won't get too out of practice before the Festival..." Izuku trails off, looking worried.

Out of practice?

"I'm sure you'll be fine, kiddo." She ruffles his hair, and after a short conversation, she disappears into thin air, leaving Shinsou wondering if he's imagining things.

———

The third encounter is even stranger.

This time, they were going farther than they usually go, and the streets get progressively less friendly looking. Izuku doesn't look too worried, so he doesn't say anything.

Suddenly, a patchwork man melts from the shadows, startling Shinsou so badly he nearly falls on his ass.

"Ah, so they were telling the truth. The kid found a friend." He drawls, and Shinsou gets the feeling they should start going the other direction when Izuku speaks up.

"Don't worry, I won't forget everyone because of UA, Dabi! You guys are the reason I got in there, after all." His friend cheers, and the patchwork man smirks, stuffing his hands in his trench coat. Shinsou wrinkles his nose at the cloud of dust that plumes from the coat as soon as 'Dabi' touches it.

Izuku and the patchwork man talk a couple more minutes, and end up setting up some sort of meeting later. Then, after wishing his white haired friend good luck at the Festival, the man slinks off.

Shinsou is starting to reconsider his sleep schedule.

———

Nighteye reads the email again. It's from the HPSC, and was sent en mass to the hero community this morning.

Dear Heroes,

It has come to our attention that the online entity known as 'Nobody' has been spreading misinformation to bring down hero society. Do not be fooled, they only seek to divide us. From now on, Nobody will be considered a C-rank villain. If you meet him in person, treat him

accordingly. Below, we have attached a file with all information we currently have on the threat.

The Head Of The Hero Commission

This email is a 'kill' order. A death sentence for a child who exposed their dirty secrets. Nighteye is already teetering on the edge of blatant hatred of the Commission, but this email, combined with their statement to the press, is the final straw. No child should be hunted because they told the truth.

What can be done?

He can't outright dismiss the Commission, can he? They were the ones who gave him his hero license. But...there are other ways to get a license for Quirk use. And if this blows up the way he thinks it will, the HPSC will crumble under the public and government disapproval. All that remains is how to deal with the heroes that will take the order seriously. Nighteye knows there are some that will stand by the Commission unconditionally, and those are the ones to be watched.

Right now, the most important thing is to find Nobody before anyone else does. He has no idea where most heroes loyalties lie, and he'll be damned if a child dies on his watch.

With a resolute grimace, he saves the email for evidence and turns back to his board titled: 'WHO IS NOBODY?'

———

“Powerloader, is there anyone available to make a couple minor modifications to my shoes for the Sports Festival?” Izuku asks quietly, trying not to disturb the inventors hard at work.

The man looks over to him, coppery hair bushing out from under his bulky yellow helmet. Izuku can’t see his expression, but there’s a somber air around him. Powerloader scans over his students, then points to a girl with bright pink hair.

“She’s the only one available at the moment. Be very,” The hero leans in. “ *Very* specific about what you want. Hatsume tends to go overboard. Also, make sure to file the shoes under support items for the Festival.”

Izuku nods and heads over to the bench the pink haired girl--Hatsume--is sitting at. She’s fiddling with something on her computer

at the moment, but there are pieces of scrap metal scattered across her table, along with a bubbling purple liquid in a jar that he avoids.

“Your name is Hatsume, right?” Izuku asks, noticing the girl has crosshairs in her eyes.

Is enhanced vision her Quirk?

“I’d like for you to modify a pair of shoes for me. I want to use them in the Sports Festival.”

Before he can even breathe, the girl pounces on him, nearly knocking him over with a huge grin on her face and talking a mile a minute.

“Hatsume Mei, at your service! What kind of modifications do you want? What type of shoes do you have? Do you want rocket boosters? I made a baby with rocket boosters a couple weeks ago, do you want a pair? Oh! What about--”

“I want these shoes,” Izuku interrupts her and shows her an extra pair of his trademark red shoes. “To become everything resistant. Electricity, fire, water, you name it. I’d also like retractable spikes in the soles, and make them as light as possible. No rocket boosters, please.”

She takes a step back, pouting slightly but taking the shoes from him and examining them. After a minute, she retreats behind her work bench, grabs a notebook and jots down a couple of things before grinning up at him.

“Is that all? I have a couple babies I’ve been *dying* to test. Like--” She picks up a piece of red cloth from nowhere and shoves it in his face. “This baby is based off of Eraserhead’s scarf. It has the same durability and capabilities as his scarf, but it takes some practice to use.”

The same durability as Eraserhead’s scarf…

The gym uniform they were required to wear had short sleeves...and Izuku has distinctive scars that could be traced back to his channel if someone looked hard enough. After his stint with the HPSC, he needs to keep his identity as secret as possible. He may not have time to learn how to use it, but he can use it to hide the scars on his arms.

“Is there enough to wrap around both of my arms?”

Hatsume brightens, her smile turning predatory.

Chapter End Notes

Shinsou is very Confused™.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku's lungs burn. He'd taken a request for Quirk help in Miruko's patrol area, and the hero ended up spotting him right before he finished up.

His bodyguards weren't able to keep up with the high speed chase, leaving Izuku to fend for himself. He's pretty sure he's been running for the better part of two hours. A couple of (unsuccessful) attempts to hide from her had proved that yes, she does have good hearing, and no, she is not happy with chasing him. Could it be about the HPSC thing? He doesn't know. He's run out of air to ask questions, simply focusing on putting one foot in front of the other.

"STOP RUNNING KID! I JUST WANNA—" The rest of the white haired hero's words are lost to the wind as he leaps across a gap in the buildings. Arms cartwheeling, he rolls to absorb the shock of the landing and quickly leaps back up, ready to sprint across the building when—

"Well look what we have here."

Shit.

Slowly, Izuku turns to see a man with a pair of bright red wings on the other side of the roof. He's in civilian clothes, and has bags under his sharp gold eyes, and his face is schooled in a neutral expression.

Hawks.

At a loss for what to do, he stares at the man. Should he apologize? Should he run? Should he ignore him? Miruko is already on his tail, he doesn't need someone with the perfect way to track him chasing him too.

A loud THUMP indicates that Miruko is here too, and the white haired boy's face pales.

"We just want to talk."

———

One awkward conversation later, Izuku, Hawks and Miruko are sitting on a rooftop playing Go Fish. He'd offered the game after the heavy conversation about the Hero Commission and Hawk's thanking him for his exposé. Miruko seemed excited to play, and that led to this...situation. Hawks never played before, so it was a couple rounds before he got it.

"Do you have a—"

"NOBODY!"

"SUNSHINE!"

Two familiar screams come from the door to the roof. Blinking, Izuku turns to see his two bodyguards bursting into the rooftop, looking relieved to see him. Right. They only saw him sprinting away from a hero ranked in the top ten.

"Hey guys! You want to play with us? I bet you're tired from running after me..." Izuku trails off when they both spot the heroes and tense.

"Oh, they just wanted to talk. Don't worry!" He cheers, face hidden by his Nobody mask. The two new figures relax marginally, but watch the pro's suspiciously as they approach.

"Are you sure they're..." The taller of his two bodyguard's gestured vaguely at the two heroes, who were watching them with equal suspicion.

Izuku smiles so brightly, every single person can *feel* the light pouring off of him.

No wonder they call him Sunshine.

Miruko thinks, white ears twitching as her lips curl upwards in amusement. Hawks' wings puff out slightly as he watches the kid—it's a kid, he can tell. Part of the reason he approached Nobody is because of how *easy* it would be for the HPSC to dispose of him—a warm feeling surging in his chest.

"They're fine, I promise! Come on, you should take a break. I don't need to be home for a couple hours." Izuku chirps, making the two people soften.

And so they sit, still warily eyeing Izuku as he shuffles the deck with ease—a trick one of his fans had taught him by request—and dealing

out the cards evenly again.

———

"Listen, kid." Hawks puts a hand on his shoulder, his crimson feathers set ablaze in the setting sun.

His bodyguards are close behind him, much more relaxed after the several consecutive rounds of cards. It had gotten slightly more competitive than Izuku thought it would, but that was okay! Everyone got along well in the end, and Miruko seemed to have taken a liking to Okabe in particular.

"The Commission, they..." The golden haired man pauses, looking frustrated. "They don't like what you did. They issued an email saying you were to be ranked a C-class and treated as such by the heroes. They have authorization to use force to catch you. So...be careful, okay? There's a lot of shady stuff going on and I really don't want you to get caught up in it."

Izuku watches the hero sympathetically, feeling the frustration rolling off of the man. From what he'd gleaned, Hawks was currently in unofficial witness protection and staying with Miruko. None of law enforcement wanted to touch the case, and even the government seemed hesitant to jump in. Even more reason for signatures on the petition.

Carefully, he leans into the heroes touch, wrapping his arms around his waist. As strange as it is, he has the feeling Hawks needs a hug. Call it instinct.

Hawks is stiff for a solid minute before relaxing, placing a hand on the top of the boy's hood and wrapping his arms around his shoulders. He's not used to hugs, but non-aggressive physical contact is something he enjoys. Besides, the kid's hugs are nice.

As quickly as Nobody is there, he's gone, leaving Hawks and Miruko alone on a rooftop.

———

It's the night before the Sports Festival, and Izuku is too antsy to sleep. Mei Hatsume gave him his Support items earlier today, and he'd turned in the paperwork days ago. And Shinso is actually asleep for once, leaving him with no one to talk to.

Well...he could always visit Stain.

No.

Somehow, he didn't think the man would be very happy about Izuku infringing on his personal space. The same goes for Dabi. So who should he talk to?

During his entire train of thought, Izuku never once thought that he should actually sleep. No, sleep was the last thing on his mind, despite how much he needed it.

Eventually, he just passed out, body slumped at an awkward angle as he murmured quiet gibberish in his sleep.

_____

FuckEndeavor: kick ass take names. good luck kid

RighteousFury: Show those fakes what a real hero looks like.

_____

Energy buzzed through his body, making him jittery and nervous. Midnight had just finished spinning the—very obviously rigged wheel—to reveal their first task: an obstacle course.

Okay, he can do this. The first issue is maneuvering around the choke point. As the air chills, he hoists himself on top of peoples shoulders and heads, earning several curses and shouting. It's nothing he isn't used to, so he ignores it. Ahead, there are several indignant yells, and it's even colder than before.

Ice encases several metal robots that Izuku assumes are from the Entrance Exams, and two have already collapsed. The other one is wobbling dangerously, but he doesn't have time to care. Sprinting forwards, he avoids the ice path and spots his opponents navigating ropes over a very high fall.

The capture weapon firm around his arms, he jumps forwards, ignoring Present Mic's scream of disbelief and grabbing onto the rope with one hand, swinging his legs backwards and using his momentum to launch himself back to solid ground. A drone hovers close to him, and he gives it a wink before launching himself over the next drop, then the next, until he's in a minefield. Several people are ahead of him, which is fine. From watching the past Sports Festivals, he knows

coming in first in this event puts a big target on your back.

So he lightly weaves through the mounds of dirt, ignoring the several hero course students that gape at him as he passes. Present Mic starts calling out numbers, and he lets out a sigh of relief when he hears Shouto Todoroki is first. That will give Bakugou someone to target besides him. Finally, he reaches the end of the minefield and jogs through the tunnel.

An automated voice lets him know he finished thirteenth, and he smiles. Thankfully, Present Mic is too busy narrating other kids getting across the obstacle course to announce the identities of the students. Just as planned.

Looking around, he doesn't see Shinso anywhere, so he must be back in the course. With a sigh, he blends into the crowd of kids, avoiding Bakugou's screaming. He doesn't have the energy to deal with his childhood bully. If he's lucky, Todoroki will knock him down a couple pegs.

_____

He scrapes by in the Cavalry Battle, careful to keep a low profile and teaming up with Shinso and a couple of hero course students that were forced to take them to finish their team. They didn't look very happy about it at first, until the realized how well Izuku and Shinso worked together.

Shinso and Izuku would call out a phrase at the same time, the target team would get distracted, and a hero student would snatch headbands while Izuku kicked their kneecaps viciously enough to make them crumple.

After that round, several participants visited Recovery Girl with hairline fractures on their kneecaps, sobbing about a white haired menace that terrorized them.

Bakugou still hadn't noticed him. That would change soon. One on one battles would announce names and play by plays of the fights. The thought made him sick enough that he couldn't eat his food, much to Shinso's concern. He assured his friend he's fine, just not hungry.

Shinso frowned, but didn't comment, just awkwardly patting his shoulder and telling him not to die. Right, his next matches.

He'd been paired with a pink skinned girl he's pretty sure can make

acid—man, does he have questions about that—and if he wins that match, he'll need to go against—goddamn it, why is his luck so bad?! —Todoroki. And if he wins against the walking cataclysm, he'll have to deal with one more person, then...Katsuki. Or whoever beats him.

Damn it.

———

A group of Nobody's more informed fans had decided to watch the first year's Sports Festival together, and they all piled into a bar one of them owned and offered to stream it on their TV's. Even Dabi and Stain had deigned to come by, albeit in disguise.

Wide ranges of emotions settled over the group as they watched a white haired boy vault over a drop that could kill him and winked at the camera before doing it again. Mostly pride, but there were hints of worry, too. The kid is far from weak, they know, but watching him risk his life on live television is unsettling.

When the Cavalry Battle starts, they're instantly put to ease when Nobody pairs up with his new purple haired friend and decimates his competition. Several rowdy cheers rise from the group when he kicks one person's knee so hard they start screaming.

Dabi grins as much as his staples will allow, something akin to pride in his eyes.

Stain watches most of this with a neutral expression, but deep in his chest, he feels a flicker of vindictive joy at the sight of someone society had deemed weak rising up and showing his worth. Someone as heroic as Nobody deserved to be there from the start, but he was denied because of his lack of Quirk. Now, he was proving his worth in a way no one could deny. It was satisfying, to say the least.

A woman named Magne buys another round of drinks for everyone during the intermission. The bar is occupied exclusively by Nobody supporters, so they talk freely.

"He was so cool."

"Did you see the way he just jumped over that drop? It scared the shit out of me."

"Me too."

"What did you expect? It's Nobody, the kid goes against the government and high ranking heroes on a regular basis."

"Ah, speaking of that, we met up with Hawks and Miruko a couple days ago."

Several heads turn to the speaker, along with a cacophony of yelling. Once it quits down, Okabe starts talking again.

"They didn't do anything, they just warned Nobody he earned a C-rank villain status for himself after his video speaking out against the Commission."

They quiet at that. Stain's eyes are slits as he grips the table, the temperature dropping.

"You mean those fakes are authorized to use force against a *child*?"

More than a few faces harden at the thought of pro heroes hurting Nobody. It was already bad enough that they'd chase him when he went out to help others, but now they were going to turn against a child for telling the truth?

"Not all of the heroes would do it, right? I mean, it's pretty obvious he's a kid..." Sato trails off as Dabi and Stain level disappointed stares at him.

"That won't stop them. There are more than a few that have turned a blind eye to the video, and most are willfully ignorant. Those with the drive to change it have been knocked down so far in the hero rankings that they won't have enough influence to get the public's attention." Dabi says, voice frosty as the horrible feeling of helplessness wells up in him once more.

The mood is somber after that.

Chapter End Notes

> Sorry for not updating, I was trying to think of a way to fit everything into the timeline I had in mind and realized it probably wouldn't work, so I had to pick and choose the various scenarios I've been imagining. Thank you for all the support and kudos, I appreciate it!

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Present Mic announces his opponents name as Mina Ashido. She's a member of Class 1-A, and she wears a bright smile the entire time she walks up to the arena. He returns it right before Midnight declares the match is starting and she throws a glob of acid at him. Thank god for Stain's reflex training.

He dodges to the right, noticing her use his distraction to start putting her acid on the ground and skate towards him. Dimly, he can hear Present Mic announcing something about the villain attack she was a part of—*not smart, what if he triggered her and she was harmed?*—but he doesn't really have the concentration to pay attention to his exact words. She's pretty flexible and seems to have some sort of acrobatic training at some point.

She speeds towards him, more acid in her hands as she attempts to swipe at his midsection. Izuku moves to the left, letting the pink skinned girl skate past him. Judging from how the ground is holding up against her acid, she can probably control the pH so it isn't deadly. That's a relief.

When Present Mic starts screaming, he starts developing a plan.

"Ashido, right? Your Quirk is pretty cool. So is your skin. Is it that way because of the acid or because a mutation from one of your parents?" He asks, an easy smile on his face. As he predicted, her face lights up.

"Yeah! Thanks, I can't believe someone likes my Quirk! My skin is from my dad, although his was a little darker than mine." She keeps making acid filled swipes at him, but her concentration is more on the conversation than the fight. Using Ashido's distraction, he starts dodging backwards, edging towards the white line.

"What about your horns? They're pretty awesome. Do they have anything to do with your Quirk? I bet when they start making figurines of you, the horns will be twistable or something. That would be awesome!" He smiles brightly.

Ashido pauses for a moment at the bright smile, face freezing in the expression one would use when met with a particularly cute puppy.

He uses that to grab her wrist and spin her over the white line, the acid on her shoes giving her momentum. Izuku stops her right before she goes flying off of the stage.

"IZUKU MIDORIYA FROM GEN ED WINS THE MATCH!" Present Mic screams as he pulls her wrist to himself, making sure he didn't hurt her.

"W-What are you doing?" Ashido exclaims, cheeks redder than normal as her opponent gives her big, concerned puppy dog eyes.

"I was checking to make sure I didn't hurt you?" It's more of a question than anything, but Ashido coos internally and swears to protect this boy in any way possible.

"Well...it does hurt a little bit. Could you carry me to Recovery Girl?" She asks, a mischievous grin on her face.

He nods, looking remorseful as he scoops up her legs and gently puts his arms under her back, making sure to avoid touching anywhere that might make her uncomfortable. Then he jogs off of the field, already used to the extra weight.

———

"He's been fooled again. Zuku is just too nice." Toga shakes her head solemly as he watches her adopted brother carry his opponent into the arena.

Inko nods along, wiping her teary eyes with a tissue from a jumbo box she'd bought just for the occasion. Her boy was too kind for his own good, and she was glad she taught him how to be a good judge of character. Otherwise, his kindness might've been taken advantage of.

———

Once he drops Ashido—who insisted on him calling her Mina—at Recovery Girl's office—the hero in question gave him a once over, snorted, and got to work checking on Mina—he quickly slips away, taking refuge in the crowd of kids at Gen Ed's booth to avoid Katsuki's inevitable screaming.

Shinso is there, looking more tired than usual as he eats his ice cream —compliments of Snipe, who clearly felt bad about the majority of his class being cannon fodder for the hero course on national TV—and gives Izuku a grin when he settles beside him.

"That was cool."

"Thanks. Remember to hide the activation requirements for your Quirk. Eraserhead still gets trouble today from villains who purposefully target his eyes because they watched his Sports Festival." He instructs, eyes drifting to the crowd of kid lounging in the sunny part of the booth. They're bordered by 1-B and 1-D, but he can't see much of them past the tall, concrete barriers. Though he can hear someone loudly boasting about 1-B's superiority over 1-A. It's obnoxious, but easily ignored.

_____

Several rounds later, the entirety of 1-A, 1-B, 1-C, and 1-D are encased in ice. It turns out that the cataclysm is more of a natural disaster than he thought, and now he has to figure out how to avoid a fucking glacier. Izuku groans and sinks into the wall, a stream of clouds coming from his mouth. Shinso pats him on the shoulder, his purple hair looking darker under the blue tint their booth has taken. The other students are annoyed by the sudden lack of sun, and express it by grumbling to each other. In 1-B, though, the same voice from before is loudly complaining about Todoroki's lack of restraint.

Izuku tunes it all out, thinking about everything he knows about Todoroki and his Quirk.

How do you fight against overwhelming force?

_____

Katsuki is yelled at for using his Quirk violently on a girl who's clearly a match for him. No one ever yelled at him for using his Quirk on Izuku, even though he was clearly not even fighting back against the blonde. The familiar, dark feeling crawled up his chest, scratching his throat and making it hard to breathe. It's been a while since he'd felt the feeling, but he knows better than to let it choke him. He'll save it for the person who caused it.

_____

Shigaraki's fingers twitch over the bandages on his neck as he watches the First Year Sports Festival. There were the NPC's who messed up his boss fight, right within his reach. God, he wanted to dust them. But he restrained himself, because Kurogiri is already at the end of his patience today, and threatened to feed him nothing but insect flavored jello for a month if he dusted anything of value. Clearly, the defeat

had gotten to him too. Or that brat who threatened to explode his neck brace.

Either way, there were a couple of new NPC's in the mix that managed to beat the brats, which was somewhat cathartic. Sensei was right, watching the NPC's beat each other up is a good stress reliever, though he feels some disappointment at not being able to do it himself...yet.

While two NPC's were arm wrestling, his mind drifted back to the weird conversation he heard before he attacked UA. The brat that had scaled UA's wall like it was nothing is there too, and he fought against a pink NPC he's pretty sure was there during his attack. He beats her by sliding her out of the ring, then talks to her and carries her out of the arena.

Shigaraki really doesn't understand what's going on with that brat, but he has a feeling the white haired boy is a PC on hidden route he hasn't figured out yet. It irks him to no end that the route is still concealed, but he knows he'll figure out the right gameplay to unlock it soon. All he has to do is keep an eye on him.

With a wide grin, he leans in as the white haired PC steps forwards.

_____

Todoroki stares at him from the arena, expression carefully blank. His body betrays him, though. His right side trembles slightly, fingers a decidedly blueish tint.

"READY?"

From what Izuku remembered, Todoroki has a fire component to his Quirk, similar to his father. The green haired boy realizes that the other boy is handicapping himself—whether it's trauma locked, or a conscious choice is to be determined—and destroying his body in the process. It means that this will be a lot easier than before. His odds are still slim, but without fire, Izuku can try to outlast Todoroki and let him pass out from hypothermia. After the glacier he threw at the black haired boy, he's bound to be cold.

"START!"

Ice rushes at him, much slower than before. Izuku weaves through them, thanking every god there is that Todoroki can't control his ice once it goes out. That would be borderline impossible to win against.

The ice has jagged edges, sharp enough to draw blood of he's not careful.

Okay, let's review.

Todoroki has a powerful Quirk. He's trained to use it well, and is in decent shape physically. He was raised in an abusive household. He hates Endeavor. He is fearful enough of becoming Endeavor that he doesn't use his fire. At all.

But fire isn't the only aspect to Endeavor.

A plan starts to form in his head as ice rushes at him again. It's slow enough that he just hops out of the way, mindful of the boundaries. Well, that plan is a good last resort. Until then, he'll go with his original plan.

Sneakily, he ducks behind the taller spikes of ice and starts breaking off pieces of jagged ice, inwardly marveling at Todoroki's skill tightly packing the ice.

"Come out and fight me!" Todoroki huffs, clouds of breath billowing in the air. Frost is starting to creep up his side, but he pays no mind to it, fully focused on finding his opponent.

That's why he doesn't notice it until it's too late.

Stain's eyes sharpen when he sees his ki-student disappear behind ice. The bar collectively groans at the lack of vision on the fight, but cameras can only get so close with destructive Quirks like that Todoroki kid's.

Dabi's entire body is on alert as he watches his little brother fight the kid he's come to like the past couple months. A sense of wrongness permeates his body as he watches his brother's body freeze, even when he has the perfect solution to help himself. What happened after he left?

Ice that isn't his own runs down his spine as he thinks of Endeavor's training. However, despite his horror, all he can do is watch Shouto purposefully harm himself in national TV. Then Nobody disappears behind the ice, and his little brother is left in a circle of ice and frost, breath billowing out as he sluggishly turns his head from side to side, looking for his opponent.

A blur of blueish white is their only warning. Red blossoms on Todoroki's right shoulder, and he stumbles back, clearly surprised. Fire bursts from Todoroki's left shoulder, but it's too late. Stain leans forwards, watching his kid-*student* ram into the Todoroki brat, sending him flying out of the arena. Between the stab wound and hypothermia, the boy is unconscious before he touched the ground.

The bar erupted into rowdy cheers when the announcers declared a slightly charred Nobody the winner of the match.

_____

He's swaying slightly. It's gentle, almost lulling him back into unconscious if not for the intense pain in his shoulder. Exhausted, he cracks an eye open, immediately spotting a face far too close to his own. Green eyes peer down at him, and a gentle smile graces the boy's dusty face. He speaks but Shouto doesn't process the words, too stunned by the boy's smile. No one...no one smiles at him like that. Ever.

Despite his injuries, a faint smile plays on his own lips before he relaxes in his captors arms, completely dead to the world.

_____

Compared to dodging glaciers, Iida seems much more manageable. Of course, overwhelming speed is still a big issue, but redirecting the speed shouldn't be too hard.

After all, one legacy hero student has nothing against the laws of physics, right?

_____

"Yikes."

"What is it?" Tensei Iida leans over to look at his sidekick's phone, happy for the distraction from the pile of paperwork he's been trying to get done since last Tuesday.

"Boss, your kid brother made it to the semi-finals." His co-worker explains, looking a little pensive.

"That's good!" He responds, a warm smile on his face.

"He's also a very popular meme." The sidekick hands the phone to

him, struggling to keep a straight face.

Tensei lets out a witchy cackle when he witnesses his little brother hurtle out of bounds, arms partially outstretched in an attempt to catch himself and a surprised look on his normally serious face.

_____

Well, he's mostly right. He—not-so-gently—redirects Iida's sprint towards the boundary line, and earns cracked ribs for his trouble.

Still, he can't help but be excited. He's made it to the finals! He's going to be guaranteed a spot in the hero course! Nothing can bring him down.

Katsuki Bakugou VS Izuku Midoriya

Okay, maybe that was an overstatement.

Chapter End Notes

> LMAO shit's about to hit the fan. Did I make his victories too easy? Maybe. But this is a crack fic and I refuse to be realistic here.
>
> You know how other writers like to torture Izuku? I like to make him confuse the living shit out of everyone he meets. That's all.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Damn it, Katsuki!

Izuku silently curses as he rushes for the infirmary. Shinsou was blasted out of the arena by Bakugou—who took out his hearing aids beforehand—and had to be carried away by a teacher.

He'd been keeping an eye on his friend's progress, and he'd hid the activation requirements well, but Bakugou must've figured it out. Brainwashing is useless without the brain registering sound waves.

Judging by the instant replay Izuku managed to watch in the hallways of the arena, Shinsou had second and third degree burns on his chest and stomach. There was none on his throat or face, but the familiar, red skin had him smelling sweet smoke, even through the screen. Shinsou put up a good fight, but Bakugou got impatient and Howitzer Blasted him out of the arena.

Finally, Izuku spots the infirmary doors. Quickly, he strides up to them and opens the door. It's mostly unoccupied, making it easy to spot the head of fluffy purple hair spread out on the pillow.

His breath catches in his throat as he pauses a few feet away from the bed. Shinsou is as pale as snow, his eye bags heavier than usual, and a small frown on his face. His torso is wrapped in clean white bandages, and there's a thin film of soot on his face and throat. The smell of antiseptic is strong, but not strong enough to cover the smell of burned sugar. It's enough to make him silently gag, though he can't tear his eyes away from the still boy.

"Did you come to check on your friend?" Recovery Girl asks, suddenly appearing beside him.

Yes.

He opens his mouth to respond, but his throat feels tight. Thankfully, Recovery Girl seems to understand, and rests her hand on his arm, grounding him.

"Don't worry, it isn't as bad as it looks. The burns were mostly second

degree, with a couple of third degree patches here and there. He also snapped his collarbone when he landed out of bounds. But I set the bone, and used my Quirk on him once. It didn't heal everything at once, so I put on some burn cream. Once he wakes up, I'll start another treatment. He'll be good as new by the end of the day."

He absorbs the information with a blank expression, the gears in his mind turning as he remembers Recovery Girl's Quirk and how it's used.

"...He's going to have scars."

It's not a question. Izuku, of all people, knows burns and burn treatment. No miracle healing Quirk is going to fix the scars—scars that Shinsou didn't deserve. Scars that were inflicted by Bakugou.

Anger bubbles in the pit of his stomach, clawing its way up his throat. Scars, because Bakugou lost his patience and got too rough.

"You have to excuse Bakugou. He's still learning to control his Quirk."

BAM!

"Stop trying to sabotage Bakugou's chance to get into a hero school."

CRACKLE.

"Bakugou is not responsible for your fragility, Midoriya!"

SLAM.

"Do not let your jealousy get in the way of Bakugou's future."

THUD.

"You? A hero? How foolish. You can't even deal with a little horseplay."

BOOM!

"We must make allowances for Bakugou. He'll be a great hero one day."

That's the issue, isn't it? Bakugou doesn't deserve to be a hero.

Izuku hoped his childhood friend would change—had changed, but obviously, Katsuki is cemented in his harmful ways. Not just towards Izuku, but towards others.

Shinsou's injuries are only part of a long list of others. Bakugou learned control over the years, at the cost of Izuku's skin and overall health. It took a YouTube channel and a group of fans for Izuku to regain his happiness and some form of stability. Would Bakugou do that to someone else without Izuku as his main target? Or would he just direct his anger to criminals and become another Endeavor?

Izuku's questions are unanswered, and Shinsou doesn't move, dead to the world.

Instead of speaking, the white haired boy walks out of the infirmary, checking the time.

I have ten minutes until my match starts.

_____

Dabi can tell something is wrong as soon as the final match starts. Nobody's head is hung low, and his fists are clenched. Even from behind a screen, the burned man can feel his anger. No, not anger. Rage.

The bar collectively quiets down as their kid walks into the arena with his head hung low.

"...That kid the blonde blasted last round is his friend." Someone pipes up, breaking the somber silence.

Dabi's eyebrows shoot up, but then he recalls the purple haired troll doll looking kid that had been jogging with his favorite YouTuber.

That checks out.

Stain's eyes are fixed on the screen, the gears in his head slowly turning.

Blonde. Explosions. Overly aggressive. The kid didn't look particularly happy to fight him. Flinching at loud noises. Starburst shaped burns extending from his forearms to back. Aversion to sudden bright light. Jumpy around kids his age. And a nickname. 'Kacchan'.

The serial killer does not like the picture he's putting together.

Nonetheless, everyone's attention is fixated on the screen as the blonde glares at their white haired friend.

_____

"START!"

"FUCKING DEKU!"

Twin screams echo in his ears, and an explosion licks at his clothing. No matter.

The only thing he can focus on is the overwhelming rage in his chest. It writhes under his skin like a live wire, and roars in his ears, drowning out the crowd's noise.

Heat licks his clothes as he dodges another explosion, watching. Waiting. Brown smoke billows across the arena, and he keeps the white line within the corner of his eye. Burned sugar invades his nostrils, and he forces down his nausea.

He's here to win. Nothing else matters.

Another right hook. He dodges on instinct, twisting his arm back and slamming his fist into Bakugou's face.

CRACK.

The blonde's nose breaks, and thick, red blood streams out. His punch earns him a string of extremely explicit curses and a step back. The green eyed boy doesn't respond, doesn't even flinch. Bakugou is more incensed at this, just as Izuku planned.

Instead of pressing his advantage, the white haired boy sprints into the thick smoke, knowing it won't dissolve for a while. Nitroglycerin burns inside of his lungs, but he crouches low, waiting.

"I'LL KILL YOU, YOU USELESS PIECE OF SHIT!"

Izuku doesn't respond, just waiting. Fast footsteps from his left. They pass him once, then twice. Bakugou lets out an enraged scream, and Izuku flinches.

“HOWITZER BLAST!”

BOOM!

Heat and shrapnel hits the white haired boy hard, forcing him to roll backwards as he clutches his ears. The smoke around him slowly clears, and the crowd is silent, searching for the combatants.

Ignoring the searing pain in his right side, he sneaks forwards. Thankfully, the red scarf deflected any damage to his arms, but the gym uniform had torn away, revealing the scarf that criss crossed his arms and shoulders. Part of his gym jacket is gone too, leaving him with his singed black tank top.

And there he is. A silhouette, standing stock still in the wreckage. His back is to Izuku, making the white haired boy grin. His usual friendliness and general cheer are replaced by something much sharper. Something dangerous.

Bakugou doesn’t notice the person sneaking up behind him, but he does notice the foot slamming down on his already sore shoulder.

SNAP.

A shout of pain leaves his lips as he whirls around, searching for his attacker. His hand is clenched tightly around his injured shoulder as he snarls. His anger and adrenaline are the only thing keeping him from collapsing from the pain.

In the remaining smoke, Izuku smiles, the rage writhing in joy as he watches his bully look for him, a hint of pain in his ruby eyes.

Leaping high in the air, he gives Bakugou a target to fire at. As heat sears his face, he closes his eyes, grabbing the blonde’s wrist and pulling it away from himself as his feet slam into Katsuki’s chest.

CRACK! CRACK! THUD.

The blonde hits the floor hard, his uninjured wrist held at an angle so that he can’t blast Izuku away. Not that he’s paying attention. Stars are dancing in the corners of his vision as his head throbs. He’s pretty sure he broke a couple ribs, and the pain is starting to catch up to him.

Izuku’s eyes are alight with feral joy as he watches the boy underneath him weakly squirm under his feet. Explosions crackle on

his former bully's palms, but they get weaker by the second. Bakugou's mouth opens, but the white haired boy is done. A red wrapped hand shoots out, grabbing blonde hair and yanking dazed red eyes to face him.

"My name is Izuku Midoriya, and I'm going to become the hero you'll never be."

With that, he slams Bakugou's head into the scorched concrete, knocking the blonde boy out.

———

"Kurogiri, doesn't he look familiar?" Shigaraki asks, agitatedly scratching his neck as he stares at the screen.

The blonde boy is down for the count, and the other, slightly scorched boy wears a sharp grin as he gets off of the limp body and punts the other kid out of bounds.

Kurogiri's lips twitch when the brat that threatened him is brutally kicked out of bounds, but he does his best to focus on the white haired boy.

"Yes, the white haired child does look rather familiar...I just can't quite place him." The misty man muses, watching the red bandages around the white haired boy's arms tighten back into place as the smoke clears.

Suddenly, a caption pops up on the screen, along with a headshot.

WINNER: IZUKU MIDORIYA

Kurogiri freezes as he reads the name, mist flickering as he remembers a woman with green hair and sharp eyes that picked everything apart in seconds. The one his master took a liking to.

No wonder he looks so familiar...

Unaware of his babysitter's internal turmoil, Shigaraki grumbles angrily as the station switches to ads as the arena is rearranged for the awards ceremony.

———

Underneath his clothes, white and red cloth braces him. The sunlight beams down on him as the ground opens up above him.

To his right, Shinsou wears a smirk, but it melts into something more genuine when he meets Izuku's eyes. He'd been healed enough to sit on the third place podium, and the white haired boy was so relieved to see him awake that he tackled Shinsou into a hug that lasted for several minutes. The teachers eventually broke it up to get them onto their respective spots, but they all looked regretful to do so.

His new gym uniform flutters in the breeze as he looks down at the empty second place spot. Bakugou was still in the infirmary, and Recovery Girl informed the teachers that he'd broken his collarbone, several ribs, sprained his wrist, and gotten a minor concussion. In other words, the blonde wouldn't be getting up for a while.

Izuku smiles sunnily as the crowd screams for them. Shinsou looks happy, if not a little overwhelmed.

Midnight steps up, a big smile on her face as she holds her microphone. The white haired boy listens intently to the words, the heat of his anger replaces by buzzing excitement and nerves. He won. He won the goddamn UA Sports Festival.

The realization sinks into his bones as he watches the stadium around him with an ever widening smile. His friends are probably watching him now. Are they as excited as he is?

"Our very own hero, All Might—"

"I HAVE BROUGHT THE METALS HERE!"

A loud shout comes from above, interrupting Midnight. Not that the crowd cares. They scream in excitement as soon as they see the Symbol of Peace.

Izuku keeps his smile plastered to his face, ignoring his instinct to run very far away from the man who crushed his dreams.

Instead, he watches as All Might opens a box of shiny metals on pretty

ribbon and starts towards Shinsou, who had a vaguely excited, vaguely wary expression. From what Izuku remembers, daylight heroes aren't really Shinsou's thing, and he'd be much more enthusiastic if Eraserhead was giving out these metals. Still, it isn't every day you meet the number one hero of Japan, so the excitement is warranted.

Shinsou tenses up at the hug, looking uncomfortable until Izuku discreetly signs 'lmao you look like that meme where the bear is hugging a thin tree that looks like it's about to snap', earning a snort from his friend.

All Might approaches the second place podium, pauses, then turns to the first place podium with a grin.

"And for the winner—"

Blue eyes meet green, and Izuku's formerly strained smile sharpens. He *grins*, daring the hero who crushed his dreams to get closer.

The Symbol of Peace clears his throat awkwardly, removing the metal from the box and placing it over Izuku's head. After a moment of hesitation, he leans in, wrapping his arms around the white haired boy.

With a grin that could cut glass, he returns the hug, positioning his face right beside All Might's ear.

"How's this for realistic, All Might?" He breathes, watching the crowd cheer around him.

The Symbol of Peace stiffens.

"I don't need power to become a good hero. And I certainly don't need your advice."

His pale fingers wrap around All Might's neck, pinning the number one hero in place.

"I suggest taking classes in Quirk discrimination to remedy your mistake."

With that, he releases his former idol with an innocent smile on his face, as if he'd never done a thing wrong in his life.

All Might—now unnaturally pale and extremely unnerved—backs

away quickly, pasting his signature smile on to hide his discomfort.

The rest of the awards ceremony is spent with the warm feeling of satisfaction curled in his chest.

I'm going to be a hero.

_____

"HE FUCKING WON!"

"HOLY SHIT HE DID IT!"

"OH MY GOD THEY'RE REPLAYING THAT PART WHEN HE PUNTED THAT BLONDE KID OUT OF THE ARENA!"

"LOOK LOOK LOOK! HE'S GETTING AN ALL MIGHT HUG?!"

"I'M SO JEALOUS!"

"THAT'S RIGHT KID, YOU WON!"

"HE'S SMILING!"

The bar is in an uproar as Nobody's fans scream encouragement and praise at the TV, some a little more drunk than others. In the corner, Stain and Dabi watch with barely hidden smiles, unable to conceal their satisfaction at the kid's win.

He deserves it.

_____

Extra 1

"Damn." Hawks winces as the blonde kid is punted across the arena on live TV.

Miruko cackles at 'Bakugou's' misfortune, snatching the bag of gummy's from the winged man's lap.

“I want that white haired one. He’s got spunk!” She exclaims, her sharpened canines gleaming in the afternoon sunlight.

They both raise their eyebrows when said white haired kid completely ignores his opponent—unlike the other contestants, who he seemed to treat with extra care—and walks out of the arena with a sunny smile on his face.

Curiously, Hawks tilts his head(one of his bird-like traits he’s regained in his time with Miruko). Something about that smile is...familiar.

Unfortunately, the screen cuts out to ads, and Miruko leaps up and starts cursing out the television, so his train of thought is derailed as he tries to save the gummy’s.

_____

Extra 2

“So, Midoriya. You’d like to join the hero course, correct?” Nezu clarifies, his beady eyes flicking over the transfer papers with ease.

“Yes, sir.” Izuku responds, sipping his tea with a calm expression.

Nezu’s ears twitch at the familiar voice, and he takes a long sip of his tea, tail swaying in excitement underneath the table.

“I see no issue with that. However, I would like to speak to you about an opportunity. You see, I’ve been looking for a personal student for a while...”

_____

Extra 3

Sir Nighteye stares at the picture on his screen. The picture stares back. After a year and a half, he’s done it. He’s found Nobody.

The warrant for ‘Nobody’ is still technically out(despite the Hero

Commission having been shut down for the past two months in response to the protests and bill that the YouTuber started), and heroes are currently stuck in limbo as they try to figure out ways to get licenses for Quirk use.

Sir Nighteye had Foreseen this limbo, and made sure to get a private investigator's license, along with a Quirk usage license, so his agency is still running. Now, he's found his answer. After months of searching, he's found the mysterious and elusive 'Nobody'.

With a faint smile—uncharacteristic of the stoic man—he types up a work study offer form, fingers dancing across the keyboard in an almost soothing pattern.

Dear Nezu,

I would like to request for one Izuku Midoriya to join my agency for a work study. I understand that the student in question is in his first year, however, I believe he will benefit from this experience Read More...

_____

Extra 4

Shigaraki is sulking at the bar, still annoyed with the choice of new recruits. They're here too, although Kurogiri and Giran are currently dealing with them.

With a petulant huff, he pulls his phone out of his pocket, scrolling through his newsfeed. After he gets bored, he switches over to his social media accounts, eyes immediately pausing on a looped video of the white haired boy kicking the blonde haired boy's shoulder.

The longer he watches, the more the itch in his brain grows. He knows that face from somewhere. His nose is practically to the screen as he peers at the kid's expression. So, so familiar...

Ding

“SENSEI HAS A KID?!”

Kurogiri sighs, putting his hands on his misty face as he fights the urge to drown himself in every single bottle of alcohol in the bar.

It’s going to be a long day.

Chapter End Notes

That's a wrap! I never expected this story to get the attention it did, but I'm glad so many people liked this.

I probably won't be continuing this fic, but feel free to check out some of my other stories if you like my writing.

Thank you for reading, and have a wonderful day!

Works inspired by this one

'Nobodies' Manhunt by EstellasArt

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!